

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1863.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, CLASS OF '38.

BY FRANK SOULÉ, ESQ., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE following note from Prof. J. L. Alverson, LL. D., of Genesee College, will enable our readers to appreciate more fully the poem it introduces. The Professor says: "This poem was intended to be read at the late reunion of the class of 1838, on their twenty-fifth anniversary. Owing to the great distance of the author it did not reach us in time. As a convenient means of reaching all of our classmates I will request its insertion in the Ladies' Repository."

SIT down, shut the doors, let the curtains be drawn,
And light up the bright chandelier,
And warm be the hearts that are gathered to-night
In friendship and harmony here.
The table is spread, the tankard is full,
Profusion invites while it cheers,
As friends float together like boats that have crossed
The ocean of twenty-five years.
As yachts newly modeled, with streamers aloft,
Glide into their watery clime,
We slid from our ways to the Ocean of Life,
To battle the tempests of time.
But all have not come! 'mid the corals and shells
Some sank ere maturity's noon;
Dismasted some lie on the desolate isles,
Poor wrecks of some howling typhoon.
There's grief for the dead! but there's joy for their fame
Who've won immortality's crown;
Though lost, yet they sank with their colors aloft
As the Cumberland frigate went down,
And better that all who are floating had sunk
Still true to that banner sublime,
Than aggravate God with a villainous rag,
The emblem of treason and crime.
Some lie safe at anchor, their wanderings done,
Land-locked from care's treacherous seas,
Snug furled all their sails that have ever been filled
With naught but prosperity's breeze.
But hark! on the deck! do n't you hear from afar,
"Ship ahoy!" from a craft on your lee,
A voice you once knew shouting, "Hail! shipmates dear,"
From his yacht by the Occident Sea?
"The billows are rough, and the distance is great,
My small boat would swamp in the gale,
But though I can't board you and be of your mess,
My heart sends its deepest "All hail!"

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All hail to the living, all hail to the dead!
For living and dead are all dear,
The present hath greeting for those, and my soul
For these breathes its own *souvenir*.

O, many the storms I have met since the time
We parted in youth long ago;
I've heard the wind whistle through cordage and spars,
And billows come booming below.
I've seen those I loved from my side on the deck
Swept into the pitiless sea,
But yet that "sweet cherub who sits up aloft,"
Jack's Guardian, still watches for me.

Now life like a yacht at its anchor swings here,
My consort safe moored at my side,
While two little jolly-boats modeled like us
Float gayly between on the tide;
And one, a keen craft, has slipped cable and gone—
God fill with fair breezes each sail—
With full press of canvas close hauled on the wind,
To double West Point in the gale.*

And here, having anchored my old craft, I rest,
Nor more tempt the boisterous sea,
But swing till her timbers grow weak, and death comes
Commissioned to make a razee.
But little the odds where the deck and the keel
Shall lie at the voyage's amen,
Like Franklin's wrecked ships in the ice of the pole,
Or galleons in hot Darien.

For soon the great Builder, from sea and from shore,
Each worm-eaten timber shall save,
And fashion anew a more beautiful ship
To launch on eternity's wave;
And there, if no sooner, once more you may hear—
No fear then of pirate or wreck—
A voice newly tuned, that you know, with its hail—
"Ship ahoy!" from my new quarter-deck.

But ere that time comes, while here yet afloat,
As strangers do n't let us still be,
But let a friend's answer reply to my call,
Like incense from over the sea,
As odors that float from the cinnamon groves
When harbor, and upland, and hill,
Have sunk down astern, that our sense still may know
The spire, though unseen, is there still.

* The writer's eldest son is a cadet in the U. S. M. A.

THE OVERLOOK.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

IT was a beautiful day in August. Fleecy clouds veiled the sunlight—the dust was laid by the heavy showers of the preceding day, and a refreshing coolness had succeeded the sultry Summer heat—advantages appreciated to the fullest extent by a party of fourteen bound for the Overlook, which, next to its loftier brethren, High Peak and Round Top, claims to be the highest of the Catskills. This double of the mystic perfect number, filled two large, four-seated wagons, and the drive of sixteen miles from Kingston was a very pleasant one. After leaving this pretty town, some of whose ancient houses of Revolutionary times must have looked upon the ashes of their neighbors, fired by ruthless British hands, the drive was not marked by many features of interest. Wagons, heavily laden with superb flagging stones, were plodding on their weary way. The quarry, with its piles of *débris*, from which these stones were taken, was looked at with curious eyes. A broad, steep cliff, around which the road winds, has its smooth face marred by the advertisement which brings the jostling, vulgar world into nature's grand solitudes. A village, the home of the quarry men, with its dingy, brown houses, crowded together without any attempt at making home attractive by clambering vines and neatly-kept gardens, has a dilapidated and tumble-down appearance. One little dwelling by the road-side of the smallest proportions, presented, in its beautiful neatness, so strong a contrast to the others, that it seemed like a little paradise. Close on the road, it looked away from it into a little court-yard, shaded by embowering vines, neatly paved by large, well-swept stones, and provided with means and appliances for household work. A Dutch farm-house had a primitive look, with its spinning-wheel and its boxes of hydrangea, with their great pink blossoms.

At the foot of the mountain the gentlemen, two of the ladies, and the boys, got out and walked, while five of the ladies remained in the wagons and wound slowly up the mountain gorge. "Those women," said the driver, "have started too fast; they won't be able to hold out at that pace; they must be pretty well used to mountain traveling if they're not tired before they get up."

This prophecy was not fulfilled. They enjoyed their walk, pausing ever and anon by the road-side to gaze at the spreading, widening landscape beneath them, and three-quarters of an

hour before the slow-comers in the wagons they had reached Fuller's—a farm two miles up the mountain, and presenting a large clearing visible from afar. They had stopped at the little red-house so loftily placed, and regaled themselves with milk and fresh ginger-bread, while they looked upon the noble view over which the long shadows of evening were gathering. With three miles of rough mountain path before us, we would gladly have staid those lengthening shadows and prolonged the radiance of the western sky.

The sunlight was rapidly climbing the mountain and tinging with gold the trees above us, as we began our ascent. One of the farmer's sons, a stalwart, kindly man, though wearied with the day's mowing, consented to accompany us as our guide. It was a picturesque group, as with staves, knapsacks, shawls, and baskets—the requisites for the evening and morning meal and for the repose of the night—we defiled along our winding way. It was a rough path through the woods, by the side of old mossy trunks of prostrate trees, crossing rocky ledges, affording a precarious footing. But there was no time to pause—onward and upward we rapidly pressed on with few words, for words take breath, and the sunbeams were traveling up that mountain-side with greater speed than we—all unconscious as were the greater part of our number that we had three miles of ascent before us.

The two boys, one of sixteen with his gun, and one of thirteen, were in advance of the party, and reached Whortleberry Hill at sunset. It is a grand plateau, covered with low bushes, and with no trees to intercept the noble mountain ranges which sweep around the horizon north, west, and south. The woody ridges were sharply defined upon the western sky, all glowing with orange and crimson. A lovely little lake, covering, it is said, a hundred acres of ground, shone like a jewel in its dark setting. Exclamations of wonder and delight broke from every tongue as we reached this commanding position. The cool breeze fanned our heated brows—the mild radiance of the dying day rested on the mountain landscape with a soft beauty. "If we could only have been here an hour before," was the regret that mingled with the pleasure. A sunset view granted to rare moments of life, just missed by a detention at the ferry! We could only catch the fringes of the departing glory—we could only imagine the splendor of that fading vision—we could only see the vanishing smile of that wondrous mountain landscape and then hasten on. There was need of haste, the guide said, or we would be overtaken by the darkness before we reached

the spring, near which the tent was pitched, in which we were to pass the night.

"Where is the man with the gun?" asked the guide as he strode onward; "we may meet a bear on our way." S. answered the summons, with a feeling that perhaps his gun was going to be of use after all the protestations against his bringing it. We were told to keep more closely together. The path became rougher and more obscured by the growing darkness. One of the gentlemen now began to do the grumbling for the party. He was soon nicknamed Colonel Growl, and his assertions that he did not believe there was any end to this path, that he did not credit the existence of a spring, that there was no sort of prospect of our reaching the tent before morning, that there was every prospect of our wandering about the mountains all night, that he for one could not go much further, were received with peals of merriment by the rest of the party, who pushed on without flagging.

One of the ladies missed her footing and fell. She was bruised by falling on a sharp rock, and as the word was passed along the line to halt there were some misgivings about the probability of conveying her up the mountain—there were other ladies in the company who might have been carried up with less difficulty. We found that we had forgotten to bring arnica, which we needed in case of accidents. Happily after resting a few moments she was able to walk with a helping arm or hand, as the path permitted, and in a few moments we arrived at the spring. "I suppose the tent is a mile and a bittock further on," said Col. Growl. The guide said it was not more than a hundred yards further, and we found it at the top of a steep pitch.

We seated ourselves in it while the gentlemen went out to make a fire. J. H., the most provident person of the party, whose forethought we had continual reason to admire and rejoice in, produced his lantern, which was equally needed outside and inside of the tent. The guide unlocked a chest and took out an ax, and calling his dog, without whose vigilant protection he was unwilling to plunge into the thicket, he went in search of wood. Some royal pine logs were soon rolled together, and a cheerful fire dissipated the darkness. It was at a little distance from the tent that it might not set it on fire, and the guide warned us not to go far from the tent, as we were on the edge of a precipice. The morning light revealed it to us but a few feet from the spot where we had passed the night.

How we wished for an hour of daylight to survey our camping-ground, to provide a good

store of wood for the night, to cut down evergreen boughs and strew them on the tent floor for couches and pillows! If we had only started two hours earlier! The wealth of nations could not restore to us those two lost hours!

The guide brought up water from the spring and filled the tea-kettle—the coffee-pot was put on the fire, and skilled fingers soon produced the aromatic beverage. The ladies had spread their table within the tent, lighted by the kerosene lamp that hung from the center. The repast looked most inviting—cold chicken, sandwiches, rolls and butter, iced cakes and oranges, with delicious tea and coffee, were partaken of with a hearty relish. After the tea things were washed up and the remainder of the provisions nicely packed away for the morning meal, preparations were made for the night's repose. The tent was very large, well-lighted, and warm, but the want of pillows or the strong coffee put sleep to flight, and the circle around the fire soon numbered all the party, who were attracted by its cheerful glow. Wrapped in our shawls with our heads resting in some laurel bushes, we looked into the solid "core of heat," watched the glowing flame of that great fire, and gazed upon the starry heavens, where, besides the fixed, perpetual lights, we saw many a shooting star. We pleased ourselves with the thought that we were nearer the skies than any people in the United States, except perhaps some sleepers at the Tip-Top House. We thought of the camp fires with which our brave soldiers have become so familiar, and we found it easy to picture them in the bivouac and on the picket. When the young ladies came from the tent and sat in the ruddy glare of the fire, heaped anew with pine logs, patriotic songs were sung, sweet hymns stole softly on the midnight air—old songs, the music of the heart, were warbled by harmonious voices. The hours wore dreamily, cheerily away, till the faint bars of crystal light appeared in the eastern sky. How swiftly the night had passed—how soon the morning came!

As soon as it was light we had some hot coffee, and then set out for the mountain top to see the sun rise. It was a pleasant walk through the woods, and on the broad edge of the cliff looking eastward we awaited the coming of the glowing orb that was to waken this sleeping landscape into life and beauty. There it lay a vast expanse, hidden by no mists of the morning, but requiring the full light of day to bring out its marvelous details.

The eye could follow the beautiful Hudson for more than sixty miles, with its fertile valley diversified with towns and villages, fields and forests. We thought of the peaceful slum-

bers that cast a spell of silence over those thousands of homes, of the absence of all conscious life and activity in that vast region awaiting the coming dawn.

There was no gorgeous preparation for the sun-rising—indeed, we think from the few specimens we have seen from mountain tops and other places of less note, that gorgeous preparations do not very often welcome the king of day—that the gates of the glowing light which shut in the sunset, are far more richly emblazoned than those that open for the morning. The sun rose bright and clear in that amber sky, and touched point after point on that fair landscape. It was some minutes before the calm surface of the river brightened under its beams, and then farm-house, cottage, and lordly dwelling, all looking alike at this distance, each caught a ray from the glowing orb. Like those of old from lofty mountain peaks, we felt like crying, "The sun is risen, the sun is risen."

Dr. M., who had visited the Overlook the Summer before, and had made the arrangements for our present expedition, now called out to us to come to another point where we could have a finer view. Not a foot stirred. The eye was "filled with seeing." From what point could we behold a lovelier landscape! The only want was in our capacity to take in its beauty. We saw the same wonderful plain that greets the eye at the Catskill Mountain-House—hills and valleys presenting a uniform level from this lofty height—while the mountains of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and the far-off green hills of Vermont, formed the eastern and north-eastern boundary. Toward the south we looked upon as fair and fertile a region garnished with woods and fields and engirdled with a mountain range, terminating in the highlands.

How impressive was the silence of the mountain-top! The din of earthly work is hushed before it reaches this lofty region. There was no hum of insect life—not even a solitary bird's song to break the charmed stillness of the upper air. The night breeze that had stirred the forest leaves had died away, and not a breath sighed through the tassels of the pine or rustled the leaves of the oaks that, twisted and gnarled, looked as if they had wrestled with a hundred tempests.

How very insignificant, as Miss Martineau well observed, seem the distinctions of property from this lofty stand-point! What matters it to whom belongs the waving wheat-field or the extensive woodland? Why should men toil early and late to add field to field? We caught something of the feeling of wonder and pity with which angels look down upon us, toiling,

care-worn mortals. For the moment we were raised above the petty strife, the stir unprofitable, the fever of life—we could look down upon the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. We had an ownership in all that wondrous landscape—its splendor and its glory were ours! We could exult and triumph in this heritage. We could feel that our Father had made it all, had given it its varied hues and its matchless beauty, and had endowed us with the power of vision, which painted on the retina of our eye this superb picture.

A short walk brought us to a hard, flat rock, from which we looked out upon the northern view—the foreground of magnificent silver pines, then a deep gorge, and a range of mountains rose up, dark and rich in their forest sides. One mountain slope descended majestically into the magnificent plain upon which we had been gazing, its profile boldly defined against the lighter background of the landscape. The rising sun threw broad shadows into the hollows of these mountains, bringing out fine effects of light and shade. Round-Top, the highest of the Catskills, was before us—its height is 3,800 feet, while the Overlook, upon which we stood, is 3,500—a thousand feet higher than the Mountain-House. From this point we see that the bend of the Catskill Mountains is to the west—instead of following the course of the river, according to our popular belief, they in reality only throw up their gigantic abutments on the Hudson Valley, while the mountain walls extend toward the setting sun.

In strong contrast with the mountains of the Southern States, that rise abruptly from low levels, in isolated peaks or picturesque groups, embosoming secluded valleys, the Catskills lie in continuous ridges, looking down upon vast cultivated plains; standing, not like giant sentinels in grim watch over that fair and fruitful region, but like vast encircling ramparts for protection and defense.

As we gazed upon that soft outline of the mountains, broken only here and there by more abrupt lines, and clothed with verdure to the summit, we recalled the strongly-contrasted view of unequalled sublimity from the heights of the Flégère. Just across the lovely Valley of Chamouni towers Mont Blanc, clothed with his mantle of perpetual snow, his attendant train of giant aiguilles shooting up into the skies—bare, bold granite cliffs, bidding defiance to storm and tempest, while at their feet seas of ice, their waves transfixed with eternal frost, creep into the green and flowery meadow below, and the stream leaping from its icy cavern, fills the valley with its music, relieving the silence

of that scene of fearful sublimity. As we compared the views, we were constrained to say that the one brought before us by the magic wand of memory was sublime, while the other was beautiful; and yet, as blended with that overpowering sublimity was a radiant and glorious beauty, so in the beautiful landscape before us we may trace features of sublimity. The sheer precipice of rock descending several hundred feet—the hundred mountain peaks diversifying the vast horizon—even the soft, cultivated landscape in its bewildering extent have the elements of the sublime—though the sublime divested of the ideas of terror and desolation.

More in harmony than in contrast with the present scene was the lovely landscape from Mount Holyoke, clearly photographed on my memory. The towns and villages peeping out of their embowering foliage, the pretty rural homes, the graceful undulations of hill and valley, the fruitful fields and fertile meadows through which the noble river, with its fringe of elms and willows, winds, and loiters, and lingers, give rare beauty to that New England landscape. The added two thousand, four hundred feet of the Overlook give a wider sweep to the horizon, embracing as fair a region, while the many mountain chains stamp a nobler impress on the grand panorama.

The mountain was covered with low bushes, upon which was the greatest abundance of blueberries. It seemed strange that we could turn aside from that glorious view, which was ours for so brief a season, to gather blueberries. And yet so it was—we could not resist the temptation. We carefully took up by their roots some beautiful miniature silver pine-trees, which we hoped to preserve as living remembrances of this golden hour on the Overlook. Beautiful flowers grow at our feet—the delicate blue harebell was irresistible, and other lowly flowers blooming on the lonely mountain-top had each its own peculiar charm. Hours might have passed away unheeded, but our hours were numbered, and we were summoned away by the inexorable voice of our leader.

He next led us into a more perilous path. Close along the edge of the precipice a cliff of several hundred feet wound this narrow way with no safeguard or protection—yawning fissures opened into it—low bushes fringed it, and a false step was death. "I can not go there," cried a young girl, "I shall certainly jump off." Her mother remained with her, and hid her eyes, and tried to still the beating of her heart as her boys followed their father along this dizzy ledge. It was too perilous to enjoy the grand sweep of the mountain-side it revealed, and the

southern and western view with a new forest foreground. The path leads to the "Devil's Kitchen," formed by a gigantic cliff that seems to have fallen over the mountain-side, and stands upright without any visible foundation, while a great boulder is thrown from it to the rock upon which we stood. We looked down this fearful chasm with a shudder, and it was a relief when the last of the party had safely retraced this dangerous path.

A parting look at the eastern and southern landscape, now bathed in the full glory of sunlight, and we were *en route* for the tent and breakfast. There were long pauses by the way, and a prolonged gaze on the superb southern view from a rock near the fire where we had passed the night. Our morning ablutions were performed at the spring where the water gushed out from a large boulder, and refreshed by pure air, vigorous exercise, and cold water, we addressed ourselves to the not unwelcome task of discussing our breakfast. I took my cup of coffee and piece of cold chicken, and seating myself on a rock near the tent, enjoyed the elastic mountain air and the singing of a wood-robin perched on the topmost branch of a dead pine just on the edge of the precipice. How clearly that morning song rung out upon the air! The aspiring bird had chosen a lofty perch for his matin hymn, and he seemed not to fear human companionship in this great solitude.

After breakfast came the washing up and the packing up—blankets and blanket shawls were tightly rolled and strapped up ready to be transferred to the backs and shoulders of the travelers. S., with a gay, plaid blanket shawl strapped on his back in soldier fashion, and a gun in his hand, looked very picturesque. No wild beasts or game had yet repaid him for the labor of carrying his gun up the mountain, and he was the target for many a shaft of merriment, as well as the dread of some of the ladies who were afraid to walk near a loaded gun in descending the mountain path. To relieve their anxieties he fired off both barrels of his gun over the precipice, an act he soon had occasion to regret.

It still wanted twenty minutes to half-past eight o'clock, the hour fixed upon for the descent of the mountain, but our prompt leader declared that we might need more time than we had allowed; so with some protests from the loiterers of the party, the farewell look was taken, and the descent begun. It was at first very pleasant; it did not seem difficult or toilsome, and we soon reached the broad plateau of Whortleberry Hill, where we were rewarded with the morning smile of the magnificent view

we had dimly seen in the departing glory of sunset. We tried to count the mountain peaks, but found that we could not afford the time—we could only look into their deep gorges, and follow their clear outline and gaze on the valleys they unbosomed.

Just as we were crossing the plateau where the guide the night before had called for "the man with the gun," that individual received a second summons, and this time there was a louder call for his services. An animal, about two feet long, which the Doctor supposed to be a bear's cub, crossed his path. S. hurriedly began to load his gun, while the dog plunged into the thicket in pursuit of the retreating foe. He encountered an unexpected adversary, and in a moment came out, howling most piteously as he lay down at our feet. The poor fellow was covered with porcupine quills—mouth, side, foot were bristling with these pointed shafts. There were probably two hundred lodged in his quivering flesh, and ready hands at once began to extract them. As they were barbed the operation was excessively painful, but the poor creature lay patiently under the hands of his friends as if he knew they were wounding only to heal. The spines were from one to two inches in length—some white, some black, and some both white and black, and many of them were so deeply imbedded in the flesh that they could only be extracted with repeated and persistent efforts.

In the mean time S., with his loaded gun, accompanied by his cousin, who, boy-like, was eager for the chase, was pursuing the porcupine, and those who awaited their return were not without their fears that the hunted animal might discharge into the faces of his pursuers another shower of his barbed arrows. He had made his escape, however, down the steep precipice, and they could not follow him.

It has been doubted whether the porcupine possesses the muscular power attributed to it of discharging its spines at a distance. In the present instance the dog may have seized the porcupine, which then pressed in upon him his barbed quills. No animal—not even the grizzly bear—is ever known to attack this dreaded creature a second time.

Authorities on natural history, consulted on our return home, inform us that the porcupine of our adventure—the *hystrix dorsata*—is found in Canada and the northern part of the United States. It differs from the Indian porcupine, in that its spines are shorter and concealed in its brown hair, till erected in anger and for self-defense. This accounted for its being mistaken for a bear's cub.

It was piteous to hear the howling of the poor dog, as for nearly half an hour he quietly submitted to the efforts necessary to save his life. The leader of our party had reason to congratulate himself on the forethought that had secured this half hour. A few of the spines still remained, only to be extracted by the aid of pincers. The poor fellow resumed his journey with the party whom he had so faithfully guarded, and at whose call he had periled his life. All hearts were won by his fidelity and gentleness, and one of the gentlemen who felt intense sympathy for his suffering declared that "it was perfectly diabolical in that porcupine;" it was certainly not a civilized kind of warfare. The dog limped home on three legs, requiring aid at places of difficulty in the path.

The farmer who had come down the mountain early in the morning was much distressed at the sight of his poor dog. He took out one of the spines that had gone completely through his leg. He said they seemed to have a sort of life, that they worked rapidly through the flesh, and he feared some of the pointed missiles we had found it impossible to extract might touch some vital part. He promised to write and let us know how it fared with the victim of the wrath of the porcupine. We learned subsequently that twenty-five more spines were taken from the dog, but that his fondness for mountain excursions continued so strong that he accompanied a party, commencing the ascent on three legs, but gaining the use of the fourth before he reached the summit. So we had not the death of the dog to overshadow our brilliant excursion to the Overlook. The finest days of the Summer, our guide told us, we had chosen for our excursion; we might have gone up fifty times and not enjoyed so clear a view. One party he told us of who were overtaken by a severe storm on the mountain. There was then no tent pitched—they had no lantern, the heavy rain made a fire an impossible luxury—their drenched clothes made rest dangerous, and they spent the weary hours of the night in walking to and fro and watching for the morning. We felt thankful for the clearness of the mountain atmosphere, for the broad light that had illumined our landscape, which will remain pictured in our memories a glory and a joy.

THE flower which blossoms to-day, and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colors of the rainbow? Or, rather, are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.

MRS. NELSON'S BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"O dear Mrs. Graham," said her neighbor, Mrs. Nelson, as she entered her bright sitting-room; "I have come to enlist your sympathies in a benevolent enterprise I have taken into my head. You are such a charitable person I feel sure you will help me, and take the trouble to mention it to some of the ladies at the sewing-society this afternoon. I have a little cold, and think I shall hardly get out. You have such good health, you never seem to mind the weather. But I must tell you the charity I have so much at heart. I went past the public school-house yesterday, about recess-time, and there before the house, if you will believe it, were at least a dozen boys snowballing with their bare hands. O, you can not tell how red, and rough, and cold their hands looked. I did pity them so. Now, if a few of us could get together and make up a quantity of cloth mittens for them, and then take them to the school and present a pair to each boy who has none, what a blessing it would be! I have a lovely mitten pattern in one of my late magazines, and we can use up any old bits of woolen cloth to make them. Some one who has a sewing-machine could run them around in a minute almost, the seams are so short," and she glanced at Mrs. Graham's "Wheeler & Wilson" by the sunset window. The other lady did not possess a machine, so no doubt the extent of her exertions in the famous charity would be reached when she had supplied the pattern and furnished a few scraps. "Any body could cut them out, it was so simple, and they would hardly need bastings, there was such a trifle of sewing."

In short, the proposition resolved itself into this, that Mrs. Graham should interest a few ladies in the work of covering the hands of the public school-boys, should collect material, and then cut out and make the mittens up; which self-sacrificing Mrs. Nelson would take to the school in a covered basket, and munificently distribute.

Mrs. Graham chased off the smiles that kept creeping up into her eyes as best she could, and proceeded to inquire if "the boys did not seem merry and cheerful enough under their sufferings."

"Why, yes, they were the noisiest set I ever saw, laughing and shouting away. Their bravery makes them still more deserving of the charity."

"I am almost afraid they would think the mittens a nuisance, and would throw them away after a trial or two."

"Impossible, Mrs. Graham. Just go out your-

self five minutes and keep your bare hands in the cold snow, and I am sure it will convince you. How can they have the slightest enjoyment when their hands are freezing?"

"But they must enjoy it, that is plain, or they would not keep at the sport. They would certainly run into the warm fires if they were suffering as you imagine. Misery is to be measured by sensibility; and I feel that true charity consists in helping only those who really need it. I dare say those hardy, bare-handed boys, snowballing and sliding down the icy hill-sides, have more of real enjoyment than thousands of idlers in their velvet cushions and warm, luxurious parlors."

"O, it is very easy to talk about the insensibility of the poor to suffering," said the other, much piqued to have her brilliant scheme no better received; "but I really did not expect it from you, Mrs. Graham," she said, with a deeply-reproachful glance. "I had heard your name so often mentioned as one of the charitables—quite another Dorcas—that I did not come prepared for such opposition to my harmless little scheme, which, with no outlay at all, could make so many bright eyes sparkle with delight and gratitude. I am, indeed, quite, quite disappointed."

And indeed she was, as the brilliant picture of herself at the public school, acting in such an interesting tableaux, as the Lady Bountiful, with a basket of mittens, faded from her view.

"Perhaps you had better ask the opinion of some other lady on the subject," suggested Mrs. Graham. "Another may give you a different opinion. I merely showed you how the matter struck me."

"O, no; I shall not go any further on my benevolent errand. You were the nearest, so I called on you; I have not time to go further. I shall comfort myself with the thought that I did what I could to help the suffering, but met with opposition, at the outset, where I least expected it;" and she assumed quite an injured, martyr air, as she drew about her the folds of her velvet mantle.

"O, let me convince you now, Mrs. Nelson," said the other, greatly amused, "that I am not as unfeeling as you think for. I am as busy as I can be now in getting together and putting in repair some second-hand clothing for three poor families it would be a real charity to help. They are indeed suffering much. The parents in each are either dead or sick, and there are eleven children in all of the families, from thirteen years old down to a babe only two weeks old. So you see that any child's garment would come useful among some of them. Now, with your three children, I dare say you have many old suits you

could spare, and never miss, which would be of the greatest service to them. Nothing that can be used about a house would come amiss—even very old shoes and other articles are thankfully received by the poor mothers, who are forced to see their little ones go barefoot these freezing days, in homes where there is only a little fire kindled to prepare each scanty meal. We hope, by New-Year's morning, to have our articles all gathered in and ready to present to them. I shall be very, very glad if you will take an interest in the work, and help us all you can. I am sure you would if you would only go once to their poor homes and see the depth of privation there you have never dreamed of."

"I thank you, Mrs. Graham; I really would not go for any thing. It would shock my nerves so badly I should not recover from it all day. You that have such strong nerves ought to be thankful for it. You do not know how much suffering you escape."

Alas, how often that plea of "weak nerves" is made to cover an indolent nature and an unfeeling heart!

"About the second-hand clothing, I really have nothing that would be of service to you."

"Your children are growing so fast, I should think they would outgrow their dresses and jackets sometimes, and you certainly never send them out in mended garments," said Mrs. Graham, smiling, determined now to press her benevolent visitor a little closely.

"O, to be sure, they outgrow and wear out clothing fast enough. It keeps me all the time making new ones; but I have a large chest into which I put every cast-off article as soon as it is done with, and save them till the old china-man comes around. He is as sure to give me a call twice a year as the sun is to come around. Then I give him all my trash in exchange for his elegant little china ornaments. Will you believe I have bought every article of china and fancy glass in my parlor just by saving up my old clothes? No one can accuse me of not using economy. I am expecting him now every day, and I have my heart set on the loveliest little porcelain pitcher. It would spoil my prospects entirely if I should select out some of the best articles in my box for your poor families; for you know if I gave, I should wish to give the *very best* I could spare," she said, with an impressive bend of her head. "I hope you may be very successful in your undertaking, and make the poor families very happy; but I really could not afford, at present, to add any thing to the collection."

"Some of the older children are compelled to be out much of the time in the cold. If you

could make up a few pair of mittens," said Mrs. Graham, half quizzically.

"Indeed, I am so much occupied I do not know how I have allowed myself to waste so much time sitting here idle so long. I knew I should not get a moment to sew on them myself; but I will *willingly* give any one the pattern who could undertake the project. So just send for it, and welcome, Mrs. Graham, if you wish it;" and the charitable lady gathered up her robes and swept out with a graceful good-morning, leaving her neighbor to her own reflections—which were, very likely, much the same as you and I would have had under similar circumstances.

There are a plenty of impracticable Mrs. Nelsons every-where, who must have the wheels of all charities travel on the fancy air-lines they have mapped out; and a trial, indeed, they are to the really benevolent, when associated with them in any enterprise. They will bind any number and weight of burdens for other men's shoulders; but will not so much as move them with one of their own fingers. The Bible is a very sure guide to us in our works of benevolence; and if we follow its teachings we shall not go astray. The sufferer next to me is "my neighbor," whom it is my duty to help to the extent of my ability.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

I HAVE come again with my stormy breath,
And the Summer blossoms have dropped in death;
I have made my bed where the flow'rets grew,
I have chill'd to ice-drops the balmy dew:
Where the sweet breeze wandered I revel free,
And my rude breath howls through the leafless tree.

I have still'd the song of the Summer bird,
And my gloomy moanings alone are heard:
From the ice-clad North I have sped my way;
I have turned to darkness the Summer ray;
I have lull'd to silence the sounds of mirth,
And my snowy mantle is o'er the earth.

I have come again with my stealthy tread,
And the frosts of age are upon my head:
I have stripped the wreath from the lover's brow,
And the gay, green leaves from the sunny bough.
O, they are all mine! but I will not stay,
When the bright Spring blushes I'll haste away.

THE EMPYREAN.

ABOVE, th' empyrean is hung
With gems which beauty's self has flung;
Fair, "silvery forms of ages past
Do hover up"—a picture vast.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG-BOOK.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY REV. S. L. GRACEY.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., June 8, 1863.

EARLY in the morning ammunition, forage, and rations are distributed, and orders issued to be ready to move at a minute's notice. At 2, P. M., the "general" sounds from brigade headquarters, and is reëchoed from every regiment in the command. Saddles are hastily packed, horses mounted, and many speculations indulged as to destination. All indications point to a severe fight, as we know the enemy's cavalry have been concentrating for several days on the south bank of the Rappahannock. We ride down along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, making rapidly but quietly toward Beverly Ford. Late in the night we arrive behind the wood nearest the river—bivouac for the night—no fires are allowed, and we make our supper on cold ham and hard tack—spread our saddle-blankets on the ground, and with saddles for pillows, prepare for a night's rest. Our minds are full of the coming battle on the morrow, and various speculations are indulged in regard to our prospects of success. We understand that the whole cavalry force of the two armies are to meet at early dawn in what will doubtless prove the greatest cavalry engagement of the war.

Our men are confident of success and eager for the fray. A group of officers together are eating their cold supper, perhaps the last they shall all take together. The morrow will soon break upon us, full of danger and death. Messages are committed to friends to be transmitted to distant loved ones, "in case any thing should occur." And after solemn and earnest prayer we are soon sleeping soundly.

June 9th. At 2 o'clock in the morning the command "to horse" is whispered around instead of being sounded from a dozen bugles, which would reveal our position to the enemy. Quietly we saddle up, mount, and move stealthily down to the ford. Just as the gray dawn of approaching day begins to brighten up the deep darkness of the hour, we arrive at the river bank. By 4 o'clock our advance guard is across, and surprises the picket of the enemy; and before they have time to fall back upon their reserve, or rub the sleep from their eyes, we are upon and capture them. Now our men dash upon the reserve, and away they run without exchanging a shot. Look there to the right! See that squad flying along the edge of the woods! See how our boys make them run! Hurrah for the advance!—a perfect surprise! Now they are lost to sight, and our

firing has alarmed the main force of the enemy. Do you hear the sharp *bing! bing! bing!* of the carbines? Let us on to their support! They have cleared the hill, gained the woods, and roused the whole force of J. E. B. Stuart's rebel cavalry; and now there is earnest work before us.

Gen. Gregg, with his division, is crossing, we suppose, at Kelly's Ford, and will march upon our left by 8 o'clock. In the mean time Buford and Kilpatrick must carry on the reconnoissance, feel the enemy, ascertain where the rebel army is, and in what force, etc.; and in doing this we must meet and master the cavalry force of the army of Northern Virginia.

On the way up from the river bank we pass Gen. Pleasanton and staff, of the cavalry corps, with Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, in consultation. Buford's division has the advance. It is Col. Davis's brigade that has so nobly opened up the day. As we ride on up the hill heavy artillery firing is heard in the wood immediately in our front. At the command "trot march!" we push rapidly forward. Soon meet anxious and excited messengers, who report having found the enemy in great force. They are fully ready for us. On reaching the edge of the wood find a rendezvous for wounded. Surgeons are attending to the suffering. Here comes a rough litter bearing an officer. "Who's that, boys?" "Col. Davis, sir!" "Is it possible! Noble fellow! Is he wounded badly?" "A minnie ball through his head, sir!" He is insensible—his hair matted and clotted with blood. God have mercy on the brave, noble, patriot-soldier, the hero of Harper's Ferry! This is our hastily-breathed prayer as we linger for a moment, and then hurry on to join our command. The wounded, dying, and dead lie on either hand along our way; but as our own regiment will in a few minutes be in the advance and relieve those in front, I must hasten on. Our skirmishers are deployed over a rough clearing—every bush, pile of stones, or log of wood is alive. Here we sit calmly on our horses waiting orders, while over each bush and stone pile lingers a cloud of smoke, and we know just there, within a few yards of us, are men hidden from our view who are taking deliberate aim at us, and doing considerable mischief. We halt while our skirmishers are sent forward to clear the field. In a few minutes an orderly dashes up, touches his hat to the commanding officer, and says, "Gen. Buford's compliments to Maj. Morris, and directs him to clear the woods in his front."

The command is given, and, with drawn sabers, we promptly press forward into a dense wood. The enemy's skirmishers fly as we advance. On, on we move, expecting each moment

to hear the thunder of artillery and the scream of shell in our very midst; but all is quiet, save the steady tramp of our horses, and the cracking of the fallen branches and undergrowth beneath their feet. This silence is dreadful—we may expect something desperate soon: they would never allow us to pass through this wood undisturbed by shot and shell, but that they are ready to meet us on the other side. A few minutes bring us to an opening in the wood, some two hundred yards in extent. Under the edge of the wood immediately in front of us is a large force of cavalry drawn up to receive us, and now a shower of balls whistle our welcome. Above the rattle of the carbines the voice of our Major rings forth, in quick succession, the commands, "trot march!" "gallop march!" "CHARGE!" And with a shout that makes the woods ring, our brave boys of the 6th Pennsylvania (Lancers) dash across the plain on to the foe; the wildest enthusiasm has seized our men, and at the full speed of their horses they dash forward. A strange infatuation leads even an unarmed chaplain out into the open field close with the column. We are almost in reach of the enemy—two minutes more and we will crush that solid column of rebels. A few yards only separate us, when a concealed battery opens on our left and pours a most destructive enfilading fire across our path. God of mercy, save us! What an awful fire! So close that we are almost in the smoke of the battery; many of our saddles are emptied, and the horses, freed from the restraint of their riders, dash wildly away. And at the same moment hundreds of carbines send their charges of death into our never-wavering ranks. Our color-sergeant reels and falls from his horse—another sergeant catches our colors before they reach the ground, and on through the storm of death our weakened lines advance, till they meet the enemy, and hand to hand the conflict rages. Though we are outnumbered two to one, we break their ranks and pursue them into the wood. Now the enemy on our right begin to close in upon us; our commander has fallen. Maj. Whelan now assumes command, and attempts to withdraw us from our terrible position. But how are we to retreat? The enemy have completely surrounded us—all is lost!—Not yet, thank Heaven! The 6th United States Cavalry has been ordered forward to our support, and just at this moment their yell, as they charge upon the enemy, is heard. They turn to receive them: this is our time: the rebels give way on our right; we cut our way out—all is confusion. We are so few that we can not hold the position, and we are withdrawn again across the field and through the wood toward our reinforcements, exposed to

a frightful fire from a battery within fifty yards of us. The noise is like deafening thunder; whistling shot and screaming shell fall all around us, or go crashing through the trees, or bury themselves in the ground, sending a shower of limbs, twigs, bark, leaves, and earth all over us, while the air seems filled with the wickedly-whispering minnie balls. It seems impossible that any of us shall ever get out of this alive. Earnest prayers ascend for Divine protection. We lie close to our horses' necks, and hug still closer as the crashing shot or shell passes within a few feet or inches of us. Our horses are alarmed and excited, and hurry us through the woods, jamming against trees, tearing through brush, and at other times impenetrable thickets, tearing our clothes, and sometimes our skin; but we heed not these little impediments—give the horse the spurs, and in a few minutes are out on the open plain again.

Here we meet Gen. Pleasanton, who commands his bugler to sound the "rally." Companies and regiments are all mingled in perfect confusion—all flying for life. But the well-known sound recalls them to thoughtfulness; and in a few minutes the men left of the two Sixes crowd again into column, and await orders. We look around us and congratulate each other that *we*, at least, are safe. We miss several valuable officers, and about one half the number of men that filled our ranks a short half hour since. How many or who of this number may be killed or seriously wounded is the great anxiety. No one can tell. Such and such ones were seen to fall from their horses, many are known to be wounded, many are doubtless dead on the field. God have mercy on the wounded! We have rescued some few of them that were able to ride.

But here come the rebels again; they have come around the woods on our right flank. We have reinforcements at hand. "Forward, trot march!" rings forth the command, and away our boys dash again to meet the enemy, while Dr. Coover and I gather up our wounded and start back with them to a field rendezvous. Our number being large the enemy doubtless take us for a demoralized and flying troop; and when we are about a half a mile from our forces, a squadron come charging down upon us. What is to be done? In three minutes they will be upon us, and we will all be prisoners. Our wounded can not ride rapidly, and we can neither make the ford below us nor our own forces in the rear. At that moment the thunder of one of our own batteries, concealed within a few feet of us, makes our hearts leap for joy. Never did the roar of artillery and the scream of shell sound so musical in our ears. We halt and give cheers for Capt.

Tidball and his splendid battery. The pursuing squadron is thrown into confusion, and wisely conclude to leave that part of the field faster than they came on to it; and we are saved again.

From our field hospital we can see the enemy taking their position over an open field some three miles in extent. The ground lies most beautifully for a cavalry and artillery engagement. The country is gently rolling and divided by an occasional stone wall or hedge: there are no abrupt or high hills. A dozen batteries have taken their positions; and by 9 o'clock, when we expected our whole force on the field, we find our two divisions opposing the whole rebel cavalry. Anxious inquiry is made for Gen. Gregg and his division. From 9, A. M., till 3, P. M., the roll of artillery and the clash of arms is unceasing. One of the grandest scenes to be witnessed in one's lifetime lies open before us; while an occasional shot or shell falling or bursting near us renders the scene more exciting. But sorrow fills our heart as we see the terrible results of the engagement, in the maimed, wounded, and dying that are carried from the field. O, horrible, horrible war!

A score of hills are bristling with the guns of the enemy, while a dozen of our own batteries stand as a wall of fire between us and the foe. Here and there over the field a cloud of smoke ascends as the guns are discharged, the scream of shot or shell is heard at almost the same moment, and soon after the deep roar of the piece. Incessantly the thunder peals, while every few minutes a troop dash out from the cover of their protecting guns, charging upon the batteries, storming stone walls, behind which sharpshooters are firing at the gunners. The shout of the charge is followed by the clash and ring of arms—one or the other party soon give way and fly to the shelter of their guns. Manfully our troops contest every yard of ground; but are gradually forced back toward the river till 3, P. M., when rapid firing is heard on our left, and through the smoke and dust we descry the gallant Gregg and his division. They form a junction with our line; our troops receive fresh inspiration, and a general advance is ordered. Now the rebel line yields—batteries hastily change their position and cover each other in their retreat. Charge after charge is made by our brave boys—hastily the enemy flies over the hills, down through the valleys, back through the woods, mile after mile, till we are five miles from the river; and we fall upon a strong line of infantry, and discover the army of Northern Virginia, under command of Gen. Lee, on their march to the invasion of Pennsylvania. Not being exactly prepared to meet the whole army, and as night is

almost upon us, we slowly retire from the field to the north bank of the river. Our loss has been very heavy; but as our victorious but exhausted troops march in perfect order down to the river in four columns, driving before them a large number of prisoners, and proudly waving the battle flags captured from the enemy during the day, and raising on high our own tattered and torn, but beautiful Stars and Stripes, my heart leaped with the greatness of joy and pride that I was an American citizen. Never did any thing appear to my eyes half so beautiful as our returning victorious cavalry force, as they marched quietly and unmolested back again to the same ground on which we had bivouacked the night before.

That night I spent with our surgeon in the holy service of waiting upon and caring for the two hundred wounded, who, in rough freight-cars, were being conveyed to the hospitals in Washington. Six of the officers of our regiment, who the evening before assembled in our friendly group at retiring, were now absent. The cold form of Capt. Davis, one of the noblest of our band, lay in a car—with Col. Davis—to be embalmed and sent to a loving and anxious wife. Major Morris, as fine a soldier as ever led a troop, has since died in Libby prison—the others are still suffering in Richmond.

TO MARY E. NEALY.

BY MARY L. P. MAYER.

Dost search thy heart, and findest there no weakness?
 No timid shrinking from the toils of life?
 And is thy spirit always clothed in meekness?
 The jeweled weapon warding off all strife.
 If mortal, if of earthly mold partaking;
 If heart and mind bows in humility
 At thought of true and holy paths forsaken;
 Of solemn vows changed into mockery;
 Of strivings for religion's choicest treasures;
 Of searchings vain for pearls of greatest price;
 Of sacred joys exchanged for common pleasures;
 Each error followed by repentant sighs:
 If thy poetic mind beholds the *real*,
 And thinkest not to find the God-like here,
 Then may'st thou hope to meet with thy "Ideal,"
 The one that will thy fainting spirit cheer.
 A mortal striving after the immortal,
 A noble youth just grasping manhood's crown;
 The brow thought-clothed while standing at the portal
 Of earthly fame, earth's laurels, its renown.
 He turned aside and placed all on the altar
 Of country. Was the sacrifice too great?
 At thought of wounds or death does thy heart falter?
 Or, "till the war is over" canst thou wait?
 The darkest hours of life presage the dawning;
 And if that dawn should be Eternity's,
 Angelic radiance robes the eternal morning—
 Who shrinks from harbingers of endless bliss?

we had dimly seen in the departing glory of sunset. We tried to count the mountain peaks, but found that we could not afford the time—we could only look into their deep gorges, and follow their clear outline and gaze on the valleys they unbosomed.

Just as we were crossing the plateau where the guide the night before had called for "the man with the gun," that individual received a second summons, and this time there was a louder call for his services. An animal, about two feet long, which the Doctor supposed to be a bear's cub, crossed his path. S. hurriedly began to load his gun, while the dog plunged into the thicket in pursuit of the retreating foe. He encountered an unexpected adversary, and in a moment came out, howling most piteously as he lay down at our feet. The poor fellow was covered with porcupine quills—mouth, side, foot were bristling with these pointed shafts. There were probably two hundred lodged in his quivering flesh, and ready hands at once began to extract them. As they were barbed the operation was excessively painful, but the poor creature lay patiently under the hands of his friends as if he knew they were wounding only to heal. The spines were from one to two inches in length—some white, some black, and some both white and black, and many of them were so deeply imbedded in the flesh that they could only be extracted with repeated and persistent efforts.

In the mean time S., with his loaded gun, accompanied by his cousin, who, boy-like, was eager for the chase, was pursuing the porcupine, and those who awaited their return were not without their fears that the hunted animal might discharge into the faces of his pursuers another shower of his barbed arrows. He had made his escape, however, down the steep precipice, and they could not follow him.

It has been doubted whether the porcupine possesses the muscular power attributed to it of discharging its spines at a distance. In the present instance the dog may have seized the porcupine, which then pressed in upon him his barbed quills. No animal—not even the grizzly bear—is ever known to attack this dreaded creature a second time.

Authorities on natural history, consulted on our return home, inform us that the porcupine of our adventure—the *hystrix dorsata*—is found in Canada and the northern part of the United States. It differs from the Indian porcupine, in that its spines are shorter and concealed in its brown hair, till erected in anger and for self-defense. This accounted for its being mistaken for a bear's cub.

It was piteous to hear the howling of the poor dog, as for nearly half an hour he quietly submitted to the efforts necessary to save his life. The leader of our party had reason to congratulate himself on the forethought that had secured this half hour. A few of the spines still remained, only to be extracted by the aid of pincers. The poor fellow resumed his journey with the party whom he had so faithfully guarded, and at whose call he had periled his life. All hearts were won by his fidelity and gentleness, and one of the gentlemen who felt intense sympathy for his suffering declared that "it was perfectly diabolical in that porcupine;" it was certainly not a civilized kind of warfare. The dog limped home on three legs, requiring aid at places of difficulty in the path.

The farmer who had come down the mountain early in the morning was much distressed at the sight of his poor dog. He took out one of the spines that had gone completely through his leg. He said they seemed to have a sort of life, that they worked rapidly through the flesh, and he feared some of the pointed missiles we had found it impossible to extract might touch some vital part. He promised to write and let us know how it fared with the victim of the wrath of the porcupine. We learned subsequently that twenty-five more spines were taken from the dog, but that his fondness for mountain excursions continued so strong that he accompanied a party, commencing the ascent on three legs, but gaining the use of the fourth before he reached the summit. So we had not the death of the dog to overshadow our brilliant excursion to the Overlook. The finest days of the Summer, our guide told us, we had chosen for our excursion; we might have gone up fifty times and not enjoyed so clear a view. One party he told us of who were overtaken by a severe storm on the mountain. There was then no tent pitched—they had no lantern, the heavy rain made a fire an impossible luxury—their drenched clothes made rest dangerous, and they spent the weary hours of the night in walking to and fro and watching for the morning. We felt thankful for the clearness of the mountain atmosphere, for the broad light that had illumined our landscape, which will remain pictured in our memories a glory and a joy.



THE flower which blossoms to-day, and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colors of the rainbow? Or, rather, are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.

MRS. NELSON'S BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"O dear Mrs. Graham," said her neighbor, Mrs. Nelson, as she entered her bright sitting-room; "I have come to enlist your sympathies in a benevolent enterprise I have taken into my head. You are such a charitable person I feel sure you will help me, and take the trouble to mention it to some of the ladies at the sewing-society this afternoon. I have a little cold, and think I shall hardly get out. You have such good health, you never seem to mind the weather. But I must tell you the charity I have so much at heart. I went past the public school-house yesterday, about recess-time, and there before the house, if you will believe it, were at least a dozen boys snowballing with their bare hands. O, you can not tell how red, and rough, and cold their hands looked. I did pity them so. Now, if a few of us could get together and make up a quantity of cloth mittens for them, and then take them to the school and present a pair to each boy who has none, what a blessing it would be! I have a lovely mitten pattern in one of my late magazines, and we can use up any old bits of woolen cloth to make them. Some one who has a sewing-machine could run them around in a minute almost, the seams are so short;" and she glanced at Mrs. Graham's "Wheeler & Wilson" by the sunset window. The other lady did not possess a machine, so no doubt the extent of her exertions in the famous charity would be reached when she had supplied the pattern and furnished a few scraps. "Any body could cut them out, it was so simple, and they would hardly need basting, there was such a trifle of sewing."

In short, the proposition resolved itself into this, that Mrs. Graham should interest a few ladies in the work of covering the hands of the public school-boys, should collect material, and then cut out and make the mittens up; which self-sacrificing Mrs. Nelson would take to the school in a covered basket, and munificently distribute.

Mrs. Graham chased off the smiles that kept creeping up into her eyes as best she could, and proceeded to inquire if "the boys did not seem merry and cheerful enough under their sufferings."

"Why, yes, they were the noisiest set I ever saw, laughing and shouting away. Their bravery makes them still more deserving of the charity."

"I am almost afraid they would think the mittens a nuisance, and would throw them away after a trial or two."

"Impossible, Mrs. Graham. Just go out your-

self five minutes and keep your bare hands in the cold snow, and I am sure it will convince you. How can they have the slightest enjoyment when their hands are freezing?"

"But they must enjoy it, that is plain, or they would not keep at the sport. They would certainly run into the warm fires if they were suffering as you imagine. Misery is to be measured by sensibility; and I feel that true charity consists in helping only those who really need it. I dare say those hardy, bare-handed boys, snowballing and sliding down the icy hill-sides, have more of real enjoyment than thousands of idlers in their velvet cushions and warm, luxurious parlors."

"O, it is very easy to talk about the insensibility of the poor to suffering," said the other, much piqued to have her brilliant scheme no better received; "but I really did not expect it from you, Mrs. Graham," she said, with a deeply-reproachful glance. "I had heard your name so often mentioned as one of the charitables—quite another Dorcas—that I did not come prepared for such opposition to my harmless little scheme, which, with no outlay at all, could make so many bright eyes sparkle with delight and gratitude. I am, indeed, quite, quite disappointed."

And indeed she was, as the brilliant picture of herself at the public school, acting in such an interesting tableaux, as the Lady Bountiful, with a basket of mittens, faded from her view.

"Perhaps you had better ask the opinion of some other lady on the subject," suggested Mrs. Graham. "Another may give you a different opinion. I merely showed you how the matter struck me."

"O, no; I shall not go any further on my benevolent errand. You were the nearest, so I called on you; I have not time to go further. I shall comfort myself with the thought that I did what I could to help the suffering, but met with opposition, at the outset, where I least expected it;" and she assumed quite an injured, martyr air, as she drew about her the folds of her velvet mantle.

"O, let me convince you now, Mrs. Nelson," said the other, greatly amused, "that I am not as unfeeling as you think for. I am as busy as I can be now in getting together and putting in repair some second-hand clothing for three poor families it would be a real charity to help. They are indeed suffering much. The parents in each are either dead or sick, and there are eleven children in all of the families, from thirteen years old down to a babe only two weeks old. So you see that any child's garment would come useful among some of them. Now, with your three children, I dare say you have many old suits you

could spare, and never miss, which would be of the greatest service to them. Nothing that can be used about a house would come amiss—even very old shoes and other articles are thankfully received by the poor mothers, who are forced to see their little ones go barefoot these freezing days, in homes where there is only a little fire kindled to prepare each scanty meal. We hope, by New-Year's morning, to have our articles all gathered in and ready to present to them. I shall be very, very glad if you will take an interest in the work, and help us all you can. I am sure you would if you would only go once to their poor homes and see the depth of privation there you have never dreamed of."

"I thank you, Mrs. Graham; I really would not go for any thing. It would shock my nerves so badly I should not recover from it all day. You that have such strong nerves ought to be thankful for it. You do not know how much suffering you escape."

Alas, how often that plea of "weak nerves" is made to cover an indolent nature and an unfeeling heart!

"About the second-hand clothing, I really have nothing that would be of service to you."

"Your children are growing so fast, I should think they would outgrow their dresses and jackets sometimes, and you certainly never send them out in mended garments," said Mrs. Graham, smiling, determined now to press her benevolent visitor a little closely.

"O, to be sure, they outgrow and wear out clothing fast enough. It keeps me all the time making new ones; but I have a large chest into which I put every cast-off article as soon as it is done with, and save them till the old china-man comes around. He is as sure to give me a call twice a year as the sun is to come around. Then I give him all my trash in exchange for his elegant little china ornaments. Will you believe I have bought every article of china and fancy glass in my parlor just by saving up my old clothes? No one can accuse me of not using economy. I am expecting him now every day, and I have my heart set on the loveliest little porcelain pitcher. It would spoil my prospects entirely if I should select out some of the best articles in my box for your poor families; for you know if I gave, I should wish to give the *very best* I could spare," she said, with an impressive bend of her head. "I hope you may be very successful in your undertaking, and make the poor families very happy; but I really could not afford, at present, to add any thing to the collection."

"Some of the older children are compelled to be out much of the time in the cold. If you

could make up a few pair of mittens," said Mrs. Graham, half quizzically.

"Indeed, I am so much occupied I do not know how I have allowed myself to waste so much time sitting here idle so long. I knew I should not get a moment to sew on them myself; but I will *willingly* give any one the pattern who could undertake the project. So just send for it, and welcome, Mrs. Graham, if you wish it;" and the charitable lady gathered up her robes and swept out with a graceful good-morning, leaving her neighbor to her own reflections—which were, very likely, much the same as you and I would have had under similar circumstances.

There are a plenty of impracticable Mrs. Nelsons every-where, who must have the wheels of all charities travel on the fancy air-lines they have mapped out; and a trial, indeed, they are to the really benevolent, when associated with them in any enterprise. They will bind any number and weight of burdens for other men's shoulders; but will not so much as move them with one of their own fingers. The Bible is a very sure guide to us in our works of benevolence; and if we follow its teachings we shall not go astray. The sufferer next to me is "my neighbor," whom it is my duty to help to the extent of my ability.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

I HAVE come again with my stormy breath,
And the Summer blossoms have dropped in death;
I have made my bed where the flow'rets grew,
I have chill'd to ice-drops the balmy dew:
Where the sweet breeze wandered I revel free,
And my rude breath howls through the leafless tree.

I have still'd the song of the Summer bird,
And my gloomy moanings alone are heard:
From the ice-clad North I have sped my way;
I have turned to darkness the Summer ray;
I have lull'd to silence the sounds of mirth,
And my snowy mantle is o'er the earth.

I have come again with my stealthy tread,
And the frosts of age are upon my head:
I have stripped the wreath from the lover's brow,
And the gay, green leaves from the sunny bough.
O, they are all mine! but I will not stay,
When the bright Spring blushes I'll haste away.

THE EMPYREAN.

ABOVE, th' empyrean is hung
With gems which beauty's self has flung;
Fair, "silvery forms of ages past
Do hover up"—a picture vast.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG-BOOK.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY REV. S. L. GRACEY.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., June 8, 1863.

EARLY in the morning ammunition, forage, and rations are distributed, and orders issued to be ready to move at a minute's notice. At 2, P. M., the "general" sounds from brigade headquarters, and is echoed from every regiment in the command. Saddles are hastily packed, horses mounted, and many speculations indulged as to destination. All indications point to a severe fight, as we know the enemy's cavalry have been concentrating for several days on the south bank of the Rappahannock. We ride down along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, making rapidly but quietly toward Beverly Ford. Late in the night we arrive behind the wood nearest the river—bivouac for the night—no fires are allowed, and we make our supper on cold ham and hard tack—spread our saddle-blankets on the ground, and with saddles for pillows, prepare for a night's rest. Our minds are full of the coming battle on the morrow, and various speculations are indulged in regard to our prospects of success. We understand that the whole cavalry force of the two armies are to meet at early dawn in what will doubtless prove the greatest cavalry engagement of the war.

Our men are confident of success and eager for the fray. A group of officers together are eating their cold supper, perhaps the last they shall all take together. The morrow will soon break upon us, full of danger and death. Messages are committed to friends to be transmitted to distant loved ones, "in case any thing should occur." And after solemn and earnest prayer we are soon sleeping soundly.

June 9th. At 2 o'clock in the morning the command "to horse" is whispered around instead of being sounded from a dozen bugles, which would reveal our position to the enemy. Quietly we saddle up, mount, and move stealthily down to the ford. Just as the gray dawn of approaching day begins to brighten up the deep darkness of the hour, we arrive at the river bank. By 4 o'clock our advance guard is across, and surprise the picket of the enemy; and before they have time to fall back upon their reserve, or rub the sleep from their eyes, we are upon and capture them. Now our men dash upon the reserve, and away they run without exchanging a shot. Look there to the right! See that squad flying along the edge of the woods! See how our boys make them run! Hurrah for the advance!—a perfect surprise! Now they are lost to sight, and our

firing has alarmed the main force of the enemy. Do you hear the sharp bing! bing! bing! of the carbines? Let us on to their support! They have cleared the hill, gained the woods, and roused the whole force of J. E. B. Stuart's rebel cavalry; and now there is earnest work before us.

Gen. Gregg, with his division, is crossing, we suppose, at Kelly's Ford, and will march upon our left by 8 o'clock. In the mean time Buford and Kilpatrick must carry on the reconnoissance, feel the enemy, ascertain where the rebel army is, and in what force, etc.; and in doing this we must meet and master the cavalry force of the army of Northern Virginia.

On the way up from the river bank we pass Gen. Pleasanton and staff, of the cavalry corps, with Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, in consultation. Buford's division has the advance. It is Col. Davis's brigade that has so nobly opened up the day. As we ride on up the hill heavy artillery firing is heard in the wood immediately in our front. At the command "trot march!" we push rapidly forward. Soon meet anxious and excited messengers, who report having found the enemy in great force. They are fully ready for us. On reaching the edge of the wood find a rendezvous for wounded. Surgeons are attending to the suffering. Here comes a rough litter bearing an officer. "Who's that, boys?" "Col. Davis, sir!" "Is it possible! Noble fellow! Is he wounded badly?" "A minnie ball through his head, sir!" He is insensible—his hair matted and clotted with blood. God have mercy on the brave, noble, patriot-soldier, the hero of Harper's Ferry! This is our hastily-breathed prayer as we linger for a moment, and then hurry on to join our command. The wounded, dying, and dead lie on either hand along our way; but as our own regiment will in a few minutes be in the advance and relieve those in front, I must hasten on. Our skirmishers are deployed over a rough clearing—every bush, pile of stones, or log of wood is alive. Here we sit calmly on our horses waiting orders, while over each bush and stone pile lingers a cloud of smoke, and we know just there, within a few yards of us, are men hidden from our view who are taking deliberate aim at us, and doing considerable mischief. We halt while our skirmishers are sent forward to clear the field. In a few minutes an orderly dashes up, touches his hat to the commanding officer, and says, "Gen. Buford's compliments to Maj. Morris, and directs him to clear the woods in his front."

The command is given, and, with drawn sabers, we promptly press forward into a dense wood. The enemy's skirmishers fly as we advance. On, on we move, expecting each moment

to hear the thunder of artillery and the scream of shell in our very midst; but all is quiet, save the steady tramp of our horses, and the cracking of the fallen branches and undergrowth beneath their feet. This silence is dreadful—we may expect something desperate soon: they would never allow us to pass through this wood undisturbed by shot and shell, but that they are ready to meet us on the other side. A few minutes bring us to an opening in the wood, some two hundred yards in extent. Under the edge of the wood immediately in front of us is a large force of cavalry drawn up to receive us, and now a shower of balls whistle our welcome. Above the rattle of the carbines the voice of our Major rings forth, in quick succession, the commands, "trot march!" "gallop march!" "CHARGE!" And with a shout that makes the woods ring, our brave boys of the 6th Pennsylvania (Lancers) dash across the plain on to the foe; the wildest enthusiasm has seized our men, and at the full speed of their horses they dash forward. A strange infatuation leads even an unarmed chaplain out into the open field close with the column. We are almost in reach of the enemy—two minutes more and we will crush that solid column of rebels. A few yards only separate us, when a concealed battery opens on our left and pours a most destructive enfilading fire across our path. God of mercy, save us! What an awful fire! So close that we are almost in the smoke of the battery; many of our saddles are emptied, and the horses, freed from the restraint of their riders, dash wildly away. And at the same moment hundreds of carbines send their charges of death into our never-wavering ranks. Our color-sergeant reels and falls from his horse—another sergeant catches our colors before they reach the ground, and on through the storm of death our weakened lines advance, till they meet the enemy, and hand to hand the conflict rages. Though we are outnumbered two to one, we break their ranks and pursue them into the wood. Now the enemy on our right begin to close in upon us; our commander has fallen. Maj. Whelan now assumes command, and attempts to withdraw us from our terrible position. But how are we to retreat? The enemy have completely surrounded us—all is lost!—Not yet, thank Heaven! The 6th United States Cavalry has been ordered forward to our support, and just at this moment their yell, as they charge upon the enemy, is heard. They turn to receive them: this is our time: the rebels give way on our right; we cut our way out—all is confusion. We are so few that we can not hold the position, and we are withdrawn again across the field and through the wood toward our reinforcements, exposed to

a frightful fire from a battery within fifty yards of us. The noise is like deafening thunder; whistling shot and screaming shell fall all around us, or go crashing through the trees, or bury themselves in the ground, sending a shower of limbs, twigs, bark, leaves, and earth all over us, while the air seems filled with the wickedly-whispering minnie balls. It seems impossible that any of us shall ever get out of this alive. Earnest prayers ascend for Divine protection. We lie close to our horses' necks, and hug still closer as the crashing shot or shell passes within a few feet or inches of us. Our horses are alarmed and excited, and hurry us through the woods, jamming against trees, tearing through brush, and at other times impenetrable thickets, tearing our clothes, and sometimes our skin; but we heed not these little impediments—give the horse the spurs, and in a few minutes are out on the open plain again.

Here we meet Gen. Pleasanton, who commands his bugler to sound the "rally." Companies and regiments are all mingled in perfect confusion—all flying for life. But the well-known sound recalls them to thoughtfulness; and in a few minutes the men left of the two Sixes crowd again into column, and await orders. We look around us and congratulate each other that *we*, at least, are safe. We miss several valuable officers, and about one half the number of men that filled our ranks a short half hour since. How many or who of this number may be killed or seriously wounded is the great anxiety. No one can tell. Such and such ones were seen to fall from their horses, many are known to be wounded, many are doubtless dead on the field. God have mercy on the wounded! We have rescued some few of them that were able to ride.

But here come the rebels again; they have come around the woods on our right flank. We have reinforcements at hand. "Forward, trot march!" rings forth the command, and away our boys dash again to meet the enemy, while Dr. Coover and I gather up our wounded and start back with them to a field rendezvous. Our number being large the enemy doubtless take us for a demoralized and flying troop; and when we are about a half a mile from our forces, a squadron come charging down upon us. What is to be done? In three minutes they will be upon us, and we will all be prisoners. Our wounded can not ride rapidly, and we can neither make the ford below us nor our own forces in the rear. At that moment the thunder of one of our own batteries, concealed within a few feet of us, makes our hearts leap for joy. Never did the roar of artillery and the scream of shell sound so musical in our ears. We halt and give cheers for Capt.

Tidball and his splendid battery. The pursuing squadron is thrown into confusion, and wisely conclude to leave that part of the field faster than they came on to it; and we are saved again.

From our field hospital we can see the enemy taking their position over an open field some three miles in extent. The ground lies most beautifully for a cavalry and artillery engagement. The country is gently rolling and divided by an occasional stone wall or hedge: there are no abrupt or high hills. A dozen batteries have taken their positions; and by 9 o'clock, when we expected our whole force on the field, we find our two divisions opposing the whole rebel cavalry. Anxious inquiry is made for Gen. Gregg and his division. From 9, A. M., till 3, P. M., the roll of artillery and the clash of arms is unceasing. One of the grandest scenes to be witnessed in one's lifetime lies open before us; while an occasional shot or shell falling or bursting near us renders the scene more exciting. But sorrow fills our heart as we see the terrible results of the engagement, in the maimed, wounded, and dying that are carried from the field. O, horrible, horrible war!

A score of hills are bristling with the guns of the enemy, while a dozen of our own batteries stand as a wall of fire between us and the foe. Here and there over the field a cloud of smoke ascends as the guns are discharged, the scream of shot or shell is heard at almost the same moment, and soon after the deep roar of the piece. Incessantly the thunder peals, while every few minutes a troop dash out from the cover of their protecting guns, charging upon the batteries, storming stone walls, behind which sharpshooters are firing at the gunners. The shout of the charge is followed by the clash and ring of arms—one or the other party soon give way and fly to the shelter of their guns. Manfully our troops contest every yard of ground; but are gradually forced back toward the river till 3, P. M., when rapid firing is heard on our left, and through the smoke and dust we descry the gallant Gregg and his division. They form a junction with our line; our troops receive fresh inspiration, and a general advance is ordered. Now the rebel line yields—batteries hastily change their position and cover each other in their retreat. Charge after charge is made by our brave boys—hastily the enemy flies over the hills, down through the valleys, back through the woods, mile after mile, till we are five miles from the river; and we fall upon a strong line of infantry, and discover the army of Northern Virginia, under command of Gen. Lee, on their march to the invasion of Pennsylvania. Not being exactly prepared to meet the whole army, and as night is

almost upon us, we slowly retire from the field to the north bank of the river. Our loss has been very heavy; but as our victorious but exhausted troops march in perfect order down to the river in four columns, driving before them a large number of prisoners, and proudly waving the battle flags captured from the enemy during the day, and raising on high our own tattered and torn, but beautiful Stars and Stripes, my heart leaped with the greatness of joy and pride that I was an American citizen. Never did any thing appear to my eyes half so beautiful as our returning victorious cavalry force, as they marched quietly and unmolested back again to the same ground on which we had bivouacked the night before.

That night I spent with our surgeon in the holy service of waiting upon and caring for the two hundred wounded, who, in rough freight-cars, were being conveyed to the hospitals in Washington. Six of the officers of our regiment, who the evening before assembled in our friendly group at retiring, were now absent. The cold form of Capt. Davis, one of the noblest of our band, lay in a car—with Col. Davis—to be embalmed and sent to a loving and anxious wife. Major Morris, as fine a soldier as ever led a troop, has since died in Libby prison—the others are still suffering in Richmond.

TO MARY E. NEALY.

BY MARY L. P. MATER.

Dost search thy heart, and findest there no weakness?
No timid shrinking from the toils of life?
And is thy spirit always clothed in meekness?
The jeweled weapon warding off all strife.
If mortal, if of earthly mold partaking;
If heart and mind bows in humility
At thought of true and holy paths forsaken;
Of solemn vows changed into mockery;
Of strivings for religion's choicest treasures;
Of searchings vain for pearls of greatest price;
Of sacred joys exchanged for common pleasures;
Each error followed by repentant sighs:
If thy poetic mind beholds the real,
And thinkest not to find the God-like here,
Then may'st thou hope to meet with thy "Ideal,"
The one that will thy fainting spirit cheer.
A mortal striving after the immortal,
A noble youth just grasping manhood's crown;
The brow thought-clothed while standing at the portal
Of earthly fame, earth's laurels, its renown.
He turned aside and placed all on the altar
Of country. Was the sacrifice too great?
At thought of wounds or death does thy heart falter?
Or, "till the war is over" canst thou wait?
The darkest hours of life presage the dawning;
And if that dawn should be Eternity's,
Angelic radiance robes the eternal morning—
Who shrinks from harbingers of endless bliss?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY PROF. SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS.

DURING the later wars of Napoleon, and in a season of great literary dearth, a new sensation occurred in England. It was the appearance of an anonymous work, a novel called "Waverley," written in a fascinating style, and sketching historical scenes with a masterly pen. The characters were all limned with the clearness of the sculptor's art, and the conversations of the actors, though neither far-fetched nor unnatural, were not trivial. In literary taste, as well as in every thing else, there is a certain periodicity. The fashions ebb and flow in counter currents, and while the passions of mankind remain the same, their objects are ever changing. So was it in England at the opening of this century. The novels of Richardson were no longer sought after, and those of Fielding reposed in almost undisturbed quiet upon the shelf. Charlotte Lennox, once so popular, was totally neglected, and Fanny Burney scarcely thought of. But the new work was eagerly read. Its praises were in all mouths, and its welcome not confined to the firesides of the wealthy. All classes united in their homage, and the public admiration was at its height. Ere it subsided another volume by the same author, followed by several within the course of four years, was issued from the press. Who he was or where he lived was yet unknown; but he could not always remain hid. A reputation already well earned by the publication of a number of poems was largely increased, and Sir WALTER SCOTT inscribed his name along side of the best writers of the age.

Sir Walter was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was thoroughly Scotch in his character and demeanor, and his bringing up was after the strictest order of domestic discipline and parental authority. From him, as from the rest of the children, his father exacted the utmost obedience. He was taught to observe the outward forms of religion, and was well catechised in the doctrines of the national Church. The habits which were thus formed continued with him through life. After he became the head of a family he used on Sundays, when far from Church, to read prayers and a sermon to his household, and then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favorite spot at a convenient distance and dine with them in the open air.

At the age of nearly two years, when he

could already walk, his nurse was awakened one morning by his screams, and on examining him she found his right leg powerless and cold. Medical aid was at once resorted to, but in vain—he was lame for life, and till his fifth year he remained an invalid. When he was sufficiently recovered he was intrusted at first to the care of his grandfather, and afterward to that of an aunt, who tenderly nursed him. Scarcely strong enough yet to engage in the outdoor sports of his comrades, his aunt amused his curiosity and employed his time by relating legendary tales, of which she possessed an immense store, and these had a powerful influence upon the bent and development of his mind. In his eighth year he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh. His health was pretty well established, and being naturally of a strong constitution, he was able, notwithstanding his lameness, to join in most of the plays of his schoolmates. In his autobiographic sketches he confesses that he made no great figure at the High School, and the master under whom he was placed confirmed the impression that young Walter was "a remarkably-stupid boy." However backward he may have been when a boy, he bravely outgrew it; but some juvenile verses show that he gave promise of future ability if he did not even then possess it.

Toward the close of the year 1784 he had an attack of illness, of which he gives the following account: "My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a bloodvessel, and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane." As soon as he became convalescent he was permitted to amuse himself with books, and during his confinement he devoured the contents of a circulating library especially rich in old romances, plays, and epic poetry. Into this ocean of reading he plunged without compass or pilot. The love of stories engendered by his aunt and thus fostered by his reading, ripened into a fondness for such literature, and he early developed the talents of a story-teller. His tastes, also, as an antiquary and a poet were largely directed by his accidentally meeting with a copy of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." So enchanted was he with the bishop's collections that he read them all at a single sitting. The perusal of this work led him to similar productions by other authors, and the controversy between Ritson and Percy respecting minstrelsy and

ballad poetry still further prompted his research into philological and antiquarian topics.

In 1786 Sir Walter entered upon the study of law. He attended the lectures of Prof. Dick, and was entered as a writer's apprentice under his father. He never, however, acted regularly as clerk. His jaunts to the Highlands and his rambles on foot and on horseback through the borders were long and frequent, and were encouraged by his family, probably with a view to confirm his health. These outdoor exercises had a salutary influence. They made him robust and strong, and he grew up a well-formed, stout-built man. He is said to have been a perfect model of gigantic strength, with the exception of his weak limb, and the muscles of his arm were prodigious. His physical ability thus became capable of almost ceaseless toil. In 1791 he was admitted by the Faculty of Advocates to his first examinations, and in the next year he passed the rest and was called to the bar. His professional labors were few, for, although he could speak readily and fluently, his mind was not at all of a forensic cast. He made a few appearances in the Court of Justiciary, in all of which he made diligent preparation; but his necessities were not so great as to render exclusive attention to his profession imperative.

On the death of an uncle in 1797 he succeeded to a small landed estate, and his wife, Miss Margaret Carpenter, whom he married toward the close of the same year, brought him a moderate fortune. By the affluence of his father he was established in an elegant house in a fashionable part of the city, and he was thus placed above dependence upon his daily labor for subsistence. Soon after his marriage he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and as his office required him to spend a portion of the year in that district, he fixed his residence at Ashiestiel, on the banks of the Tweed. This continued to be his country residence till he removed to Abbotsford. In 1806 he was appointed one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session; and, though the duties of these offices were not arduous, yet they divided his time between city and country.

For some years before the end of the century Sir Walter had been in the habit of making periodical excursions into Liddesdale for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of that wild and romantic district. These old ballads existed only in oral tradition, and it became necessary to write them down from recitation. In gathering up these poems he not only first reduced them to writing, but enriched his collection by the materials for notes by which the

ballads themselves might be illustrated. On this account he visited many scenes alluded to in the metrical narratives and opened his ear to all the local anecdotes and legends which were handed down by the peasantry. His memory was tenacious to an extraordinary degree, and his recollection of places and characters assisted him greatly in his writings. Those who have read his works, his poems especially, will recall the minute descriptions which he gives of the localities mentioned in them. These ballads, joined to other poems picked up in the same way from reciters in various parts of the country, formed his first publication of note, the "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*." This work, which was issued in 1802, displayed a vast quantity of curious and abstruse learning, and in particular a minute acquaintance with a district of Scotland which had hitherto received scarcely any attention either from the historian or the antiquary.

Sir Walter's first efforts as an author were directed more to the gratification of his literary tastes than as a source of income; but the success of his maiden undertakings soon determined his career. Passing by some smaller pieces, in 1805 he produced the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," a poem that took the literary world by surprise. It was unlike any thing that had preceded it, and Scott was received as one of the most popular poets of his day. Between that time and 1814, the year in which he published his first novel, he gave to the public "*Marmion*," "*The Lady of the Lake*," "*Don Roderick*," "*Rokeby*," "*The Lord of the Isles*," and the "*Bridal of Triermain*." A year or two later he published "*Harold the Dauntless*." The later poems were failures, and their ill-success probably induced their author to adventure upon a new style of composition. "*Waverley*" was therefore produced in 1814, and as it was published anonymously, it was left to make its way in the world by its own merits. Its progress was at first slow, but after two or three months it became known, and its sale was rapid. The style of *Waverley* differed widely from most of the fictitious works then current. It was an historical romance, depicting a state of society dating back many years, and describing scenes and characters which no longer existed. It had all the charm of novelty with the reality of history, and, while untrue in incident, it was true in spirit. This gave it popularity, and, encouraged by his new success, the author continued his labors. In his earlier life Sir Walter had acquired, from books and from intercourse with society, vast stores of heterogeneous and not very well assorted knowl-

edge. Among the lowlands of Scotland he had opportunities of observing closely the manners and feelings of the lower classes. Here, too, he became acquainted with many old-time characters belonging to a less tranquil period. His grandfather, being a farmer, lived on a footing of more familiar intercourse with his domestics than was customary in towns, and in his house Sir Walter learned the secret of acquiring their confidence. Out of these accumulated materials he constructed the best of his later works—a chaos through which the light of his brilliant imagination was every-where apparent.

To *Waverley* succeeded, in 1815, "*Guy Mannering*," the next year "*The Antiquary*" and the first series of "*Tales of My Landlord*," containing the "*Black Dwarf*" and "*Old Mortality*;" in 1818 "*Rob Roy*," and the second series of the *Tales of My Landlord*, containing "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*," and in 1819 the third series of the same, containing "*The Bride of Lammermoor*" and a "*Legend of Montrose*." Between this time and the year 1831 he published about twenty other tales, which are now comprehended under the general designation of the "*Waverley Novels*." Nearly all of these novels consisted of three volumes, and together they amount to seventy-four volumes.

The great ambition of Scott's life was to enact the part of one of the ancient feudal lords, upon whom his imagination delighted to dwell. This was his chief foible, and he always had a strong leaning to the old aristocracy of the country. His devotion to titled rank amounted almost to a passion, and he was fond of boasting his descent from the Scotts of Harden that reckoned many noble families in its clan. To this feeling was owing the purchase and building of *Abbotsford* on the banks of the *Tweed*. This beautiful site he adorned with minutest care and labor. He surrounded himself with articles of luxury and refinement, and indulged in the exercise of hospitality on a grand scale. His house was almost constantly filled with company, and his time seemed to be so occupied as to allow but little leisure for recreation. How or when in the midst of all these excitements he composed his voluminous works is a marvel. His private life was intruded upon almost as much as his public, and he was never denied to any one who called, and to all who came he extended the same hearty welcome. It was his pride to appear in the character which he so much coveted, and when in 1820 he was created a baronet of the United Kingdom, his title added but little to his manorial dignity. His estate was managed for the most part by a careful agent. Wil-

liam Laidlaw, who was almost as necessary to *Abbotsford* as Sir Walter himself. Laidlaw was a man of literary habits and refined tastes, and, though capable of acquiring distinction himself as an author, it is not known that he wrote more than one piece—a poem entitled "*Lucy's Flittin'*." It is a gem, and is of itself sufficient to insure an immortality of fame to the writer.

In the midst of all his magnificence and his fame, a sudden blow was struck at his prosperity. The splendid dream in which he had been spending his days was at once dissolved, and Sir Walter became a complete bankrupt. The disaster came, as he himself says, almost without premonition. He was involved in the sweeping catastrophe which ruined so many business houses in the crisis of 1825-26, and called upon to meet the demands of creditors upon commercial establishments, with which his fortune had long been bound up, to the extent of over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. For many years he had been in the habit of drawing bills at long dates upon his publishers, Messrs. Constable & Co., as payment for the copy-right of his works, and as he was favored by their acceptances on the strength of works not yet written, he was in some measure compelled, by feelings of gratitude and self-interest, to give his name to other obligations which were incurred by the house for the purpose of taking up the original engagements. A characteristic incident is related in connection with these transactions, and we here insert it. Some months before the fatal bankruptcy took place, one of Mr. Constable's bills for a very large amount was presented at one of the Edinburgh banks having Scott's name attached to it. A friendly director, who, from the recent frequency of such transactions, was at no loss to see how matters stood with the publisher, sent for Sir Walter and asked him if he was aware of the great number of heavy bills which Mr. Constable had abroad. "Sir Walter," continued he in an earnest tone, "I advise you to be cautious." Scott was considerably struck by this friendly warning, for which he expressed his thanks. He acknowledged he was aware of Mr. Constable's being straitened for money, owing to the stagnant state of the commercial world. "But," he continued after a pause, of reflection, and in a tone of much feeling, "Archie Constable was a good friend to me when friends were somewhat scarcer than at present, and"—here he spoke in a firm and decided tone—"he shall not want a few thousand more yet if he thinks they can be of service to him." Thus, while he was receiving prompt payment for his literary labors, he was, in fact, pledging his

name all the while for sums perhaps not less than those which he realized, so that in the long run he stood engaged in behalf of his publishers to the amount of about £60,000. His connection with Ballantyne & Co., who were likewise involved in the ruinous failure, swelled the amount for which he was liable as partner or security, to the sum before stated.

Scott's character now appears in all its nobleness. He refused to listen to any terms of compromise or accept any assistance in canceling this enormous debt. "Gentlemen," said he to the claimants, using a favorite Spanish proverb which he was fond of quoting, "'time and I against any two.' Let me take this good ally into company and I believe I shall be able to repay every farthing." His offer was accepted, and Scott, at the age of fifty-five, set himself doggedly at work to amend his broken fortunes. He executed a trust deed in behalf of his creditors, insuring his life for £22,000, sold his furniture and house in Edinburgh, and retired into humble lodgings when he remained in the city. His vacations he spent at Abbotsford, which in the marriage contract of Sir Walter's oldest son had been settled upon the young pair, so that it was legally beyond the reach of his creditors. He gave up almost entirely seeing company, which, as Lady Scott was now dead, he could the more easily do. His first task was to complete the *Life of Napoleon*, upon which he was laboring when the disaster befell him, and to furnish the copy for two works of fiction which had already been contracted for. Accordingly he produced "*Woodstock*" the same year, and in 1827 the "*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*," in nine volumes, and the "*Chronicles of the Canongate*" in two, were issued from the press. Four or five novels were subsequently issued, and the "*Wizard of the North*" showed no marks of decline. Indeed, he remained equal to himself till the last.

The new volumes which he wrote, and the new issue of all his past novels, which he thoroughly revised and illustrated by notes and prefaces, produced a sum sufficient by the end of the year 1830, to reduce his debts, exclusive of interest, to nearly one-half. Besides all this he had paid up the premium upon the policies of insurance upon his life for twenty-two thousand pounds. So strikingly honorable did his conduct appear that his creditors, at a general meeting held in the latter part of 1830, unanimously agreed to present him with the library, manuscripts, furniture, and plate of Abbotsford, all of which he had voluntarily surrendered to them at the time of his insolvency.

The anxiety to redeem his debts, and the

unremitting labor to accomplish this task, began at last to show their effects upon his health. Symptoms of paralysis developed themselves during the succeeding Winter, and the next Summer they became gradually more violent. In the Autumn, 1831, his physicians recommended a residence in Italy as a means of delaying the approaches of illness. He set sail in October, and during the next few months visited Malta, Naples, and Rome. Feeling his strength diminishing, he determined to return speedily home, which, with much effort and hazard, he did. On arriving at London, about the first of June, he was quite exhausted, and an alarming illness, which had previously attacked him and had nearly proved fatal, made him almost totally unconscious—unaware of the presence of his children, though sometimes a smile of intelligence and recognition would lighten up his features. At such times his transient gleams of recollection uniformly terminated in faltering forth, "Abbotsford! Abbotsford!" and thither, as soon as it was deemed prudent to risk the journey, he was removed. He reached home about the middle of July, and when his old friend and factor, Mr. Laidlaw, appeared at his bedside he shook him warmly by the hand and murmured, "Now I know I am at Abbotsford." He grew better, and could even be borne into his library and his garden; but his strength soon again declined. Yet still, in his greatly-enfeebled state, he desired to be drawn in his wheeled chair to the library window overlooking the Tweed, which he delighted once more to look upon. "Here," says Mr. Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, "he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said, 'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. He listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were myself again.' In this placid state he was put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber."

But the gathering cloud settled gradually down, and in a few days the great mind became motionless and insensate. Exhausted nature at length sunk, and after fourteen days of insensibility, Sir Walter Scott expired at half past one o'clock, P. M., on the 21st of September, 1832. He was aged exactly sixty-one years, one month, and six days.

The death of Sir Walter was felt as a general calamity. Within a month a public meeting was held in Edinburgh to consider the erection of a monument to his memory. A

large amount was immediately subscribed, and contributions were soon after received from various parts of the world, but the structure was not finally built till 1840. It is a beautiful specimen of memorial art, and is worthy the fame of its original.

Many illustrative anecdotes might be given of Sir Walter's humor, his *bonhomie*, his liberality, his friendships, his knowledge of men, and his personal peculiarities, but it would make this notice too long. Nor is there space for a general critique upon his writings. As a poet, he excels chiefly in description, and, though he himself preferred "Marmion," the judgment of the public has been given for the "Lady of the Lake." The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" has also many fine verses, and the picture of Melrose Abbey is often quoted. As a writer of fiction, to use the words of an excellent reviewer, "our author has conjured up the actual people he has to deal with, or as much as he could get of them, in 'their habits as they lived.' He has ransacked old chronicles, and poured the contents upon his page; he has squeezed out musty records; he has consulted wayfaring pilgrims, bed-rid sibyls; he has invoked the spirits of the air; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story their own way; and by borrowing of others he has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original, authentic sources in large, concrete masses, and not tampered with or too much frittered them away. He is only the amanuensis of truth and history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon—wide as the scope is—the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery, lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character or fanciful belief come thronging back upon our imaginations."

PATIENCE.

BY FANELIA S. VINING.

I SAW how the patient sun
Hasted untiringly
The self-same old race to run;
Never aspiringly
Seeking some other road
Through the blue heaven

Than the one path which God
Long since had given;
And I said, "Patient sun,
Teach me my race to run,
Even as thine is done,
Steadfastly ever—
Weakly, impatiently
Wandering never."

I saw how the patient earth
Sat uncomplainingly,
While in his boisterous mirth
Winter disdainingly
Mocked at her steadfast trust,
That from its icy chain
Spring her imprisoned dust,
Yet would release again.
And I said, "Patient earth,
Binding thine hour of dearth,
Waiting the voice of mirth
Soon to awaken;
Teach me like thee to trust—
Steadfast, unshaken."

I saw how the patient stream
Hasted unceasingly,
Mindless of shade and gleam,
Onward increasingly,
Wid'ning and broad'ning
Its rocky bed ever,
That it might thus take in
River by river.
And I said, "Patient stream,
Hasting 'mid shade and gleam,
Careless of pleasure's beam,
Loitering never;
So teach thou me to press
Onward forever."

I saw how the Patient One
Sat in the heaven,
Watching each earth-born son
Sin-tossed and driven;
Watching earth's mad'ning strife—
Brother 'gainst brother—
Reckless of love and life,
Slaying each other.
And I said, "Holiest One,
On thy exalted throne,
Never impatient grown
With all our sinning;
Though all its depth thou 'st known
From the beginning."

Though our fair earth has been
Blood-dyed for ages—
Though in her valleys green
Carnage still rages—
Thou, o'er whose brow serene,
Caldest and holiest!
Angel hath never seen
E'en toward earth's lowliest,
Shadows impatient sweep;
Teach me like thee to keep
In my heart still and deep,
Wavering never,
PATIENCE—a steady light,
Burning forever.

FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

LOST AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

AT the time of which I write—the year 1845—Christian civilization had but imperfectly influenced the Choctaw Indians. In localities remote from the United States Agency, and from the mission schools, primitive Indian customs still prevailed. Those who were least inclined to adopt Anglo-Saxon habits, and who were most tenacious in retaining their own, were naturally drawn to these less cultured regions. Like the pioneer settler, who despises the trappings of fashion and the annoyances of culture, and who pulls up stakes and penetrates further into the wilderness when he is encroached upon by the advance of civilization, so many of these Indians, long accustomed to the unrestrained freedom of the woods, seek to get beyond the trammels of civilized institutions. Besides a natural preference for the usages of their ancestors, they have a lurking suspicion of the white man. There is much ground for this suspicion. They were reluctant to leave their homes in Mississippi, and those who would not be bribed by annuities from the Government were forced away from the graves of their fathers. They were not slow to detect the cause for their removal, as they believe, when they saw their new country. Interested parties had assured them that the lands offered them by their great father at Washington abounded in game, and were superior in quality to their former homes. But how false were these representations! The soil is thin and unproductive, the timber light and stunted, and the game had been hunted out by the roving tribes of the West. Fierce and warlike tribes scour the plains between them and the buffalo-range—tribes, too, of whose marauding incursions they are in continual dread. Evidently they have been wronged, and they know and feel it. Hence they are slow to believe even that the self-sacrificing missionary is sincere, and many of them spurn with disdain the proposition to exchange their cherished primitive customs for those of their oppressors. They were the aboriginal occupants of a country every way superior to their present homes, and they feel that they were dispossessed for the accommodation of their white intruders. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that they should suspect some sinister aim in every overture made to them, or that they should occasionally delight in acts of cruelty and blood against the white man? They have as high an appreciation of honor, justice, and right as any people, and

are just as sensitive to wrong and deceit. Moreover, individual acts of imposition upon them, perpetrated by such graceless vagabonds as always frequent the frontier, continually confirm them in their prejudices. Could they be protected from the swindles and licentiousness of lawless traders and libertines, there would be some hope of their more perfect civilization. Any one who is familiar with the continual wrongs which they suffer will be apt to sympathize with them, and will find much in their situation to extenuate their faults. So far as I could learn, however, not a single instance of perfidy or fraud had ever been practiced upon them by the Christian missionary.

One of the wildest regions of the Choctaw country, and where primitive Indian customs are but little changed, lies in the south-eastern part of the Territory, in the angle between Red River and the military road leading from Little Rock to Fort Towson. In one of my adventurous excursions I had occasion to pass through this district, on my way to Eastern Texas. Having reached a point on the Fort Towson road, the question for decision was whether I would make a circuit of two days' travel by way of the Fort, or risk crossing the angle of country which would enable me to reach the Texas line in one day. The latter course was decided upon. The night was comfortably passed at the house of a friendly half-breed, living on the military road. He lived in good style and was in easy circumstances, being the owner of a well-improved farm and some twenty slaves. His wife was a matronly woman, cleanly and tidy, and every thing about the house exhibited a neatness and order which might have shamed the housekeepers of her Arkansas neighbors. I was still more pleased with two young daughters, just reaching womanhood. They had been educated at one of the mission schools by a pious Massachusetts lady, who, should her eye fall on this sketch, will recognize them as the Misses P. They were neatly but plainly attired, easy and graceful in their manners, and industrious in their habits. A peculiar Indian shyness gave a bewitching effect to their excellent qualities. Intelligent, refined, modest, and religious! What gems of the forest! Nor were these young ladies wanting in personal beauty. There is indeed an unaccountable charm in the copper-colored tint, glossy black hair, and keen, sparkling eye of these half-breeds. Their forms are well-developed and symmetrical. You very rarely find an imperfect or ill-developed form among them, either male or female. Corpulency is almost unknown among them, and is never extreme, being the result of old age rather than

of abnormal development. These fine physical developments of the person are doubtless owing to their simple diet, and the pure air and sunshine to which their habits expose them. Certainly these symmetrical figures and sound health do not result from physical exercise; for in ordinary life their movements are leisurely and stately, and never rapid or violent. You never find them care-worn or agitated. Their toilet is made with a view to gracefulness rather than gorgeousness, and to suit the symmetry of the person rather than to transform it into unnatural shapes. They seem not to dress with a view to captivate others, but to please themselves; not to excite admiration, but to conform to nature; not to appear what they are not, but what they are. Of colors they prefer the brilliant, but the deep and rich rather than the flimsy and gaudy. Deliberateness characterizes them in every thing; they are never hasty. Naturally they have no fondness for work, and not being covetous they never overtax their strength, or disfigure their forms, or destroy their erectness by excessive menial toil. Their wants are few and simple, being natural rather than artificial, and are easily met without the drudgery of overtasking labor. Yet they can hardly be accounted indolent; but in labor they prefer the athletic and manly rather than the menial—the graceful rather than the violent. They possess a high degree of taste, and excel in the ornamental and artistic rather than the utilitarian. Any one who will examine their pipes and bows, manufactured by them without any tool except the knife, and the ornamented apparel, beaded purses, and trinkets produced by the females, can not fail to see the proofs of taste, ingenuity, and mechanical skill. There is a witchery in the better type of Indian life which wins on a person, and no careful observer can be at a loss to discover the secret cause of their tenacious preferences for their native mode of living.

Having a long and uncertain day's travel before me, the considerate family where I staid overnight had my breakfast and horse ready by sunrise, though it was in the month of August. We had family worship both evening and morning, and my kind host felt quite incensed that a missionary should offer him compensation for a night's lodging. This early start gave me an advantage, and for the first three or four hours all went well with me on my solitary journey. An abandoned "trail"—a bridle-path—indicated the direction I was to travel, but it was so faint and overgrown with grass that it was with difficulty I kept it. My host had urged me to lose no time, but to push

hard on my journey, as I would find neither accommodations nor safety till after crossing Red River into Texas. About nine o'clock a small Indian village was passed. The wigwams were built of poles cut with the tomahawk, and covered with bark from the trees. In the rear were several small corn-patches, hedged in by brush fences, and ponies were grazing about in the woods. In the shade under the trees men and women sat upon blankets on the ground, and children of various ages sported about. Their fires had smoldered down and every thing indicated repose. The men had on fringed buckskin leggins and moccasins, turbans on their heads, and the blankets on which they sat were carelessly drawn over them without any other garments. The women wore nothing except the moccasin and a string of large beads about their necks, and had the corners of their blankets loosely drawn over them as they sat on the ground. The children rejoiced in a state of nature, which allowed them ample play for their limbs in their athletic sports. They exhibited no surprise as I passed them, and did not change their positions, giving me that entire inattention which was most satisfactory.

Soon after-passing this village with its rude occupants I entered what had once been a pine forest. It had been visited, however, some years previous by a dreadful hurricane, whose devastations left scarcely a tree of considerable size erect. My horse was a half-breed mustang of excellent quality, who leaped over the prostrate trunks of the fallen trees like a dog; still my progress was slow and difficult for several miles. It began to be very sultry, the hot August sun pouring his rays down in a most oppressive degree. In the maze of fallen trees every vestige of my trail was lost, and when the region of the hurricane was passed it was impossible to determine my course with any accuracy. The sun was now too near his meridian hight to afford me any guidance, and, being without a compass, I was left to select my course by the most uncertain conjecture. Winding about in the woods in pursuit of a trail, I became bewildered, and the unpleasant conviction seized me that I was *lost*! It was now about noon. I was without provisions, and no water had been passed all day, it being a time of general drought. This was, taking it altogether, no very pleasant situation. The grazing was good in the open woods, but how could I lose time in such a region, not knowing where I was or what distance remained to be traveled before my destination should be reached! A man that is lost is impatient of delay and strangely inconsiderate. My first impulse was

to retrace my steps, and this would have been a fortunate conclusion; but one hates to travel a whole day and land where he started in the morning.

Infatuated by the hope of finding my course, I pushed on. Soon to my right and in front the forests rung with yells of Indians, the exact purport of which I could not make out. Presently I was descried, and a squad of three savage-looking fellows hastened to me and ordered me to halt, which of course I did. They were mounted on ponies and equipped. Their faces were hideously painted, their turbans surmounted with gayly-colored feathers, and pipe, tomahawk, and knife hung from their belts. Altogether, they looked unpleasantly fierce and formidable to a lone traveler, unarmed and lost besides. They jabbered somewhat heatedly among themselves, and appeared to be slightly intoxicated. Knowing something of the Indian character, I was resolved to betray no marks of fear. So I tried to show my coolness by whistling a tune; but the attempt was a failure, which, it is but charitable to conclude, was owing to the dryness of my lips, having drank no water since morning. I succeeded better, however, in showing my indifference for the red-skins and contempt of danger by adjusting the rigging of my horse and scolding him soundly for not standing more quietly. Meantime the jabberings of my guard increased in vehemence till they seemed to get into a quarrel, when one of them raised the whoop and away they went, galloping one after another through the woods in fine style. In my heart I uttered a silent good-by, and put spur to my steed.

By this time I could hear shouts in almost every direction around me. Those Indian yells in a forest are terrible to a lone traveler. They try one's nerves much more thoroughly than the midnight shriek of a panther. Evidently this was a day of frolic with the red men—a day set apart for fêtes and riot, a day appointed to celebrate some time-honored feast, a ball-play or grand war-dance with a "big drunk." A little further on I encountered another party of four, mounted, painted, and accoutered like my previous visitors. One of the number was quite intoxicated, and very vociferous, addressing his remarks to me with an occasional oath in bad English. He demanded of me where I was going, which I made out to tell him by the aid of signs and the limited vocabulary of Choctaw at my command. He pointed to the trail which they were traveling, and said it would lead to Red River, urging me to fall in before them. I hesitated to expose my back in

that way, and a long parley ensued—at least it appeared long to me. Harsher language and more threatening demonstrations prevented me from presuming any longer on their patience, and I started on, they following in single file, their spokesman bringing up the rear. It was a fantastic cavalcade. We proceeded but a short distance in this manner, but it was long enough to bring back vividly to my mind the scenes of my whole life, very much, I suppose, as it is said a drowning man's whole life returns to him in a second of time. I had a complete panoramic view of a career rather unpleasantly full of peccadillos in a few moments of time, and conjured up all kinds of tragical sequels for it. I am a *captive*! That was the thought. No one can exactly comprehend what that conviction means unless he has himself been the subject of it. On we went, and I could see the savages behind me, with feathered crests, painted eyelashes, and beaded leggins without looking back. Such imagery in such circumstances is not easily dispelled from the mind. But the trail was manifestly misleading me. Just then a fortunate thought occurred to me, and the marvel was that it did not occur sooner. It was the stringent law in force in the territory for the protection of missionaries. Immediately I turned out of the trail, and we all came to a halt and another parley. I told them that I was a missionary from Fort Coffee on my way to Clarksville, in Texas. My wordy friend ejaculated his surprise in a long-drawn "ah!" and pointed me in a direction nearly opposite to that we had been traveling, and then loped off with his companions, leaving me once more to myself.

I now turned on a "bee line" in the direction pointed by the rascally red-skin, and never checked a brisk canter till the last sound of savage yell had died away on the air. Onward I dashed, over trees and through tangled brushwood till the foam stood on my poor horse. About two o'clock in the afternoon Mountain Fork of Little River was crossed. It was nearly dry, but proved a most timely relief in slaking the thirst of horse and rider. A deep gloomy gorge led to an elevated level above the precipitous, rocky bluffs which fringed the southern side of the river. Here was located another Indian village, consisting of one long row of wigwams. A large number of women and children were in the village, and seemed to be very shy, but not a man was to be seen. The remaining part of the afternoon wore away in wearisome travel without seeing a human being or passing any water. The heat was intense and prostrating, and it is a wonder that

my overtasked horse did not sink in the sweltering sun.

Evening came on and brought with it new troubles. About sundown I was brought to in an open glade by a single Indian of impure blood. He was riding a very ill-conditioned horse, was meanly clad, and was armed with rifle, pistol, tomahawk, and knife. He was by all odds the meanest-looking customer I had seen all day, and the very personification of savageness. He drew a flask of whisky from his belt and offered me a drink. My refusal seemed to displease him, and after an oath, a threat, and a flourish he turned the bottle up to his own lips. While he was imbibing I suddenly put spur to my horse and made the best of my way down the glade, believing that Plato, jaded as he was, could outrun the raw-boned animal of the vagabond I left behind. Turning around a clump of trees I was soon lost to view in the forest. It was now getting dark, but I had reached Red River Bottom. It is easily distinguished by the red color of the sand deposited by the overflows, and the high-water marks on the trees, which look as though they had been painted. The coloring is not from this locality, the lands here being black; but the water is colored by the immense mulatto-colored clay beds through which the river passes on the plains above. From this circumstance it is called Red River. The bottom is about three miles wide to the river where I struck it, but it was at the time entirely dry. Here I met a sober, honest, pure-blooded Choctaw, with a rifle on his shoulder and a pig strapped on his back with linn bark, the fruit of his day's hunting. For the consideration of a *skulla*—a dime—he conducted me to a trail which he said would lead me to the river. And so it did. But I was none the better for being there. It was a precipitous bluff, and impossible to descend. Above and below were swamps thickly covered with undergrowth and matted with vines, so that no horse could penetrate them. On the Texas side nothing could be seen but a line of swamps and forest. The water in the river reflected the stars and tantalized my burning thirst; the thickets around were the lurking-places of panthers, and the air was thickened with swarms of voracious musketoos. Without the means of kindling a fire, it was plain that I could not spend the night there.

My course was retraced to the upland in the hope that something would "turn up." On this retrograde my horse, that had so marvelously held out all day, gave unmistakable signs of yielding. On the upland I found my situation but little better than it had been on the

river, and in wandering about a trail was discovered leading toward the river further to the right through dense cane-brakes. The reeds stood thick on the ground, and the path was narrow, barely admitting a single rider. The night had become chilly, and the heavy dews on the cane saturated my garments from head to foot. Such are the extremes of this climate. Presently my horse took fright at a man lying in the path. I could not get around him for the denseness of the cane, nor had I any disposition to examine into the case. For if the man were dead I might get into trouble at being found with him, if he were asleep it would not be safe to wake him, and if he were intoxicated I would not know what to do with him. I therefore sought to shun him. Several efforts to make my horse leap over him were unsuccessful. At last the exasperated animal made a spring into the cane, which yielded at the top but entangled his feet at the bottom. After desperate struggling and sundry scratches and bruises the trail was regained beyond the prostrate red man. Once more before reaching the river I fell in with an Indian on horseback. The usual parley ensued. He was carrying an empty jug. "That jug was the most encouraging object I had seen since morning; its owner was in quest of whisky, and it must, therefore, be on its way to the borders of *civilization*! whisky being a contraband article in the Territory. I therefore followed the jug. A few miles of leisurely Indian gallop brought us to the river, on the Texas side of which was a grocery, the point at which my friend with the empty jug was aiming. For a small consideration a friendly Choctaw swam my horse over and another paddled me across in a dug-out.

On my return trip I fared but little better, being taken sick in the wilderness and nearly losing my life. For three days I was unconscious, but the timely assistance of Dr. M., of Fort Smith, by the Divine blessing, enabled me to recover. My overtasked horse never got over the effects of the journey; he dwindled away and afterward died. Never have I seen more affection exhibited by an irrational brute. He recognized me, and would distinguish me from others to the last, walking to me and laying his head on my shoulder as if imploring help. The thought that I was recovering, and that this companion of my perils and fatigues must die, was a most painful trial. Poor Plato! he has gone to his rest.

—○○○○—
STEELE says the most necessary talent in a man of conversation, is a good judgment.

CONTRABANDS IN CAMP.*

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

"WONDER what de Ginrel's arter now; no good 'ill come on it," growled a voice in the midst of the joyful clamor which greeted the announcement that we were to move at daylight on Christmas morning.

"What are you grumbling for, you piece of polished ebony; think your shin in danger, do you? I tell you what it is, if the rebels catch you they will broil you alive before your time. Come, move along, see that the fire is kept up, and put some elbow-grease on my musket. There will be precious little sleep in this Fourteenth Army Corps to-night, I can tell you."

"Some on us 'ill sleep our last, I reckon. Plenty more days in de year to mobe b'sides dat on which our blessed Lord was born. Christmas good as Sunday anyhow, I guess. The Ginrel's mighty perticler to do nuffin on the Sabbef day, but the very best day ob all he makes dis hole army shuffle. No good 'ill come on it, see ef it do—dis nigger knows."

Then as the echo of the cheers with which the news had been received reached him from the distant ridges—"De men holler as ef dey was a gwoine to a dance. Yah, some ob dem dance t' nudder tune 'fore long."

Ned dragged himself off, and was soon seen polishing his master's musket, mumbling to himself as he rubbed, and evidently ill at ease.

"What do de Leftenant tink ob dis move, Captin Phil?" he inquired of me a few minutes later.

"He likes it—is anxious to get ahead."

"T wont do, de debil's got a hand in it; de Lord will smite us like de Philestines. I knowd sumthin' was a gwoine wrong"—an ominous shake of the head—"I dreamt ob crabs last night—sure sine ob ill luck."

"Were they going backward?" I laughed, and he gave no answer.

"What is your objection to to-morrow, uncle Ned?"

"'Jection! I'd like to know ef all the Christians do n't keep Christmas; even niggers has a holliday den; but de Ginrel's a Catholic."

"Catholics think as much of Christmas as any of us, but the General believes the movement necessary."

"We 'ill see, we 'ill see," and still shaking his head he left me.

A few hours later his face was radiant. The

order to march had been countermanded. He rubbed his hands and laughed heartily at the disappointed men, who, irritated at his rejoicing, kicked at his shins in passing.

"Bress de Lord youse got dem dar feet to kick wid, and do n't hab to tramp on dem to yore deafs t'-morrow! I tant the Ginrel hab more good sens and 'ligion, too; 'new father Trece hab, anyhow."

"I tell you what 't is, Captin Phil"—he joined me as I left the tent—"I 'se gwoine to improve d' casion. I 'ill gib de niggers sumthin' to think on t'-morrow; dey 'ill show de whites ob dar eyes."

"Are you to preach, Ned?"

"Yes, Captin Phil; I 'se 'vited to gib a sermon in de woods; de 'ristocracy 'mong de Union culled pussons is comin' from de city."

"That is the reason you were so anxious we should not move to-morrow."

"No, sar. I did n't think you'd 'pune my motifs." He spoke with considerable dignity. "De ole Massa ob us all up dar"—he took off his old, ragged cap and pointed upward—"will hab his days kept. Dis army could 'spect no victory ef it mobe on de day he was born; he Prince of Peace. Ef de niggers do n't sing de Star ob Befelem wid loud hallay-lugas dis Christmas den dey know nuffin'. Yah, dey know de day ob jubilee hab come."

With his thumb to his nose Ned walked off.

While at Bowling Green we wanted a cook, and, recommended by one of the teamsters, Ned had offered and was accepted. He accompanied us to Nashville, and while there requested that we would take his son as his substitute, as he wished to enter the service of an officer who needed a servant.

He was about forty years of age, and had all the negro characteristics; was shrewd, quick, cunning, very religious, yet superstitious. He had been a slave, and hated his former condition with an intensity I never saw any other negro display. A Methodist minister, he had great influence among his people, was eloquent after his manner; some of our men had heard him, and pronounced him a "great preach!" It was suspected that he wished to be near the officers to pick up all the information possible; for he generally knew all that was going on.

"Dandy Jim," also a servant, was envious of the notice taken of Ned, and in answer to John's question one day as to whether the blacks did not think a great deal of him said, "Yes, sir, the Southern niggers seem to set some value on him; they can understand him. For my part I am not used to their kind of talk. I was brought up among Northern whites,

*From the narrative of a boy going through the war with his brother.

and slave language is new to me; I can not say I am much edified by brother Watson's preaching."

John laughed, and said, when Jim got out of hearing, "Human nature is a queer thing, Phil. That is a well-educated, well-behaved, well-spoken mulatto, yet I do not believe there is a man in the company who has not more confidence in Ned; perhaps it is that we feel the one is real, the other an imitation."

Ned justified the liking all had for him. His son was murdered by the rebels, and it was touching to see him when he found the body. One moment he would cry over the cold form, and the next—"Bress de Lord! he hab died in a good cause; 't was all he hab, and de good Massa—was—was—welcome to him."

"He died free, Ned," said one of the boys.

"Yes, massa, and in de battle for de free."

This thought seemed to console him. He had great admiration for Col. Moody, and often wished he was in his regiment. He called him "de Lord's captin'."

I saw him on the battle-field helping the wounded, and one of the privates reported that he saw him raise a dying man in his arms and sing Canaan for him, the tears running down his cheeks the while.

Ben was another of the "institution" who afforded us amusement. His face was round, polished as ebony, and quite as black; crowned with an immense head, covered with mixed black and white wool; his eyes were quick and bright, his mouth like a cavern, filled with perfect rows of ivory teeth; his nose flat and broad; his figure short, stout, and humped; had long, lean arms finished with hands like claws, while his bandy legs started from the center of his thin splay feet and racked in their sockets, giving his body a rollicking motion, which made you instinctively make a movement to get out of his way when you met him. He was often around doing "chores," but I never knew where he belonged, who hired him or aught about him.

"Ole massa tell us Linkin's folks

Are only poor white trash,

Hate de nigger like de debil,

And sell 'em all for cash;

But Sambo knows the proclamashun—

Dis nigger 's cute you see;

It turn him almost white wid joy

To tink he 's gwoine to be free,

Git along, git along, git along Josey."

"What do you want to be free for?" said K., taking his pipe from his mouth and lounging against a tree. "You do n't know when you are well off. Your master was good to you;

you had plenty to eat, drink, and wear; free people have to work as hard as any niggers, and look out for themselves when they are sick, too."

"Yes, massa"—Ben thrust his tongue out and lolled his head from side to side—"ole marsa was right good to us; but we had to work if we wanted to or no, come and go, agin it or not. Like your dog Pomp thar, you makes him fecth and carry, lay down and git up as you wants him to, and you kick him, pull his years, and then you throw him bones, and pat him jist as you likes; but Pomp 's afeared ob you." Ben chuckled and shook his head. "Ef he lying in the sun when you comes by he gets up and wags his tail, afeared you 'll kick him. Pomp do n't feel free; he knows he 's got a master, and so does the niggers"—

"Free! nobody 's free; I am not free; I have to lie down and git up, tramp and halt at the word of command, like any other nigger, and if I do n't I am shot or hung, and you are only whipped."

"Yes, massa, but you chuse to be a soldger; nigger do n't chuse to be slave. You mind little while, nigger mind all his life."

K. laughed.

"How did you find out about the proclamation, Ben?"

"You see, massa"—Ben was in his element, for he had quite an audience by this time—"when a body 's own skin do n't belong to hisself he 's p'ticler about getting it hurt; niggers larn dis arly, and dey git wary and cute—always sleep wid one eye on de massa, and look stupid and act stupid when dey wide awake and har bristling." He paused to shake his head. "De massa will talk, and de niggers keep dar eyes shut and dar ears open. De women cuter dan de men, and dey hear all de talk in de house, and dey tell it in de cabin, and de niggers on one plantation tell it t' tudder, and it git all 'bout, and we hab our sines and our s'ieties, and de niggers find out enuf; dey no fools. De Lord bress you, when we hab de big meetin' and thare 's any thing to tell, the preacher he gibs de nod and de wink and de niggers understands!"

"Suppose you are found out?"

"Golly, massa, makes me creep all ober to tink ob it! But we ar n't often found out; dose dat are de hottest to git away talk most agin Linkin, and ob nights when we know dat de feet dat makes no noise are round de cabin, dough we do n't see 'em, we laughs at de cursed Yankees, and calls them 'poor white trash.' Yah!" Ben's head went like a pendulum.

"It's a good ting to be free. Any body hit dis ole carcass, Ben can hit back; nobody got any right to hurt his shin but hisself. It's a mighty nice feelin'. I licked two niggers and a white boy when I know'd I was free, just to feel I could."

"You are a scoundrel, Ben."

"May be, massa, but white folks make me so."

"Why don't you fight for the Union?"

"Gwoine to, massa, when I can get a chance. Worked on the fortifications at Nashville; hear dar dat some ob de niggers in regiments fight like bars; niggers no cowards ef dey are slaves. A nigger would hab sabed Hartsville, but de white captin tought him a fool, and would n't listen. He hear his marster on Saturday night tell his missus they gwoine to 'tack it next day. He had permisshun to go to nudder plantation tu see his wife, but 'stead of gwoine he swam de river on a mighty cold night, when he like to froze, and gave 'formation to our side that Morgan was a-comin'; but dey laffed at him, 't was all he got for his trouble—guess dey laffed t'udder side 'fore mornin'."

"Some say you are a rebel spy, Ben."

"Dey do? What for spy for folks dat break my back and make me work all de same when I hab de misery? Wait till dis nigger gives dem 'formation, dey 'll hear Gabrel blow his trumpet fust."

"You told us a little while ago your master was good to you."

"Some white folks don't know nuffin'. Spy! ha, ha, ha!" and Ben rolled himself off.

One of the boys following the camp had a banjo, with which he sometimes enlivened a weary hour. At the sound of it the negroes shuffled their feet and bobbed their heads instinctively; the bodies of the black teamsters would wriggle instinctively all over in their seats in time to the tune.

I had expected to find the slaves swarming like bees, and was astonished that so few of them were with the army. When I spoke of it they said, "Dey hab been sent funder Souf to keep dem out of tro'bl."

Those with us were always laughing and joking, full of mimicry and odd sayings, and appeared to have no thought of to-morrow.

I had often heard of a negro turning pale, and supposed it a figure of speech. While the battle was raging I had proof they could and did turn pale. When the right wing gave way, and the mob dashed among the cedars, several blacks near me stood their ground. One was almost of Egyptian darkness; his hands trembled; I saw his knees knock together; while

gradually his face became of the color of ashes. Another started to run, but, afraid the guard would shoot him, slipped between the animals drawing the wagon; stooping low he was unobserved. When the cavalry of the enemy made one of its pounces on us, his visage was streaked and of a leaden hue.

"Golly, massa," he said afterward with a long, heavy breath, "dis chile tought his time hab come when he saw ole missus' son on dat big gray. You could hab heard dese ole jints crack as dey gib way and let me on my knees; my teef strike t'gedder so I could not pray, I could only kind ob whisper, 'Lord! Lord!' You see it's one thing to be shot and killed like a white man, nat'ral like, and a'nudder to be murdered like a nigger."

Here he caught sight of Jake, who had jammed himself in among a cluster of thick cedars, and, white with scratches and red with blood, was scrambling out.

"Thar's that nigger now. He like Zeb'dee; he clime de tree, but not for to see him Lord. Why, Jake, you better take car dat dar underbrush; de sesh been a pepperin' dem bushes. Yuse all blood—ha, ha!"

There was a good-looking man of about thirty who kept near the teams, and seemed but little concerned with the fortunes of the day. The crashing of the balls among the trees, and the sulphurous air half stifling them, drove the rabbits, of which the woods were full, out into the road, and made them so tame they were easily caught. He employed himself collecting numbers of these, which he killed and strung together, expecting to sell them to the officers, and thus turn a penny when the battle was over. Hiding them in a thick, dark spot of undergrowth, where he felt sure they were out of harm's way, he struggled off in search of more.

Hardly was he out of sight when one of the guard, who had watched his movements, appropriated the whole, and invited his comrades to a "game supper" when the day should be over. After a time the darkey returned with a turkey, some chickens, and a half score more rabbits on his back. He was grinning in delight. No sooner did he make his appearance than those who had seized his former haul attacked him with entreaties for a share.

"No, massas, no," dodging first this way then that to keep out of their reach. "I must see de color of your money fust; dis chile b'lieves de officers will be hungry and hab a good ap'tite for de hot stew for supper when dis day's work is ober."

He soon discovered that his "plunder" was

gone, but was wise enough to say nothing about it, although he looked very down. I think his second lot must have shared a like fate, for later in the day I saw one of the rebel cavalry galloping off with a string of small animals thrown over his saddle, wonderfully like that I had seen in Sambo's possession.

They would have done him little good, however, for he was killed next day, without having derived any benefit from his acquisitions. Ben remarked as he touched the body with his foot, "He tought hisself a mighty smart nigger, but he warn't smart enuf to git away from de bullits."

"We gwoine to be free" seemed to be the one thought of all the slaves I saw, both at Nashville and elsewhere. I had never been among them before, and their drollery, queer talk, and singing had such a charm for me that when I met one I generally had something to say. They asked many questions, knew all about "the Proclamation," and had the most extravagant ideas of the benefit they were to derive from it. I saw but two of them who appeared at all doubtful—one a broken-down, desponding woman with two children, who wished she was "wid ole missus agin on de plantation," and an old man, who shook his head and "did n't know."

Jim, the boy who was killed at Murfreesboro, had a beautiful voice. He sang "Ginger Blue" with great expression, and would have been a "star" among the minstrels.

"De moon gwoine down, pitch dark de night,
Cold, cold de dew am falling,
I fear dis darkey see a sight
Dat set him wool a-crawling;
Who dar! who dar! a goblum cuss't?
'Peak! or dis minstrum's banjo bust;
'Peak! and dyse'f unrabb'l;
'Peak, goblum, 'peak! but whe'r'r or no,
Dis minstrum drap his ole banjo
And try a little trabb'l.

Tro' de woods—cut along—
Furder back, you boog-a-boo!
Tro' de woods—drap de song—
Nimble chile ob Ginger Blue!"

Suiting the action to the word, he ran off, and it was the last I saw of him.

"The fierce passion and fiery fever of the battle," as John called it, over, the unhurt men, almost as exhausted as the wounded, were trying to get a little rest, when a negro man came to the spot where John, just off duty, had thrown himself after many hours' hard work, and with tears streaming down his face, said, "Come, massa, do come and see a poor boy all de way from Jarsey who's had bofe his hands took off."

We went. Insensible from loss of blood, there, in the mud and rain, lay a lad of about sixteen or seventeen with no hands—the same ball had taken them both. His mother was far away, watching, waiting, blessing him, and he lying on the wet earth dying, with only a poor negro to weep over him.

"Sights like that, Phil," said John, after we had done all we could for him, "rouse all the bad in the soldier, and, cursing the authors of the rebellion for the time, they want to take the vengeance which belongs to the Lord."

The boy lived to be sent home, and I heard died there in the hospital.

I was talking to Ben one day and expressed my surprise at not seeing more runaway slaves.

"Most ob dem sent souf, massa; and many niggers afeard ob being sent back ef dey git away afore Janevery. Den dar's de dogs; white foks no idee ob de difficulties; niggers know all 'bout it, and dey watched close as de skin, and de least s'pission and dey most skinned alibe."

"How do they manage to get away from the dogs?"

"Dey take tu de water; dogs afeard ob de alligators."

"But alligators eat men as well as dogs."

"Yes, sar; but when dar's a fire b'hind and a fire b'fore, de nigger looks tu see which is de biggest; he more afeard ob de dogs dan ob de alligators. Den ef he's easy in de jints he can git a tall cane and gib big jumps like a toad and fool de dogs, and put dem off de scent, so git time; while dey snuffin' round for de hole his heel make in de ground he way off. Niggers larn a hard way, but dey know suffin'."

"What is fetish, Ben, you are all so secret about?"

Ben looked carefully around before he spoke, lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

"I hab no fetish, massa Phil; no b'lieve in dat thar kind ob worship, nebber do no good. Dar's Cato, his fetish a black snake; he put him in his bed and git whipped 'cause he steal de milk he feed him wid." He suddenly stopped, and his voice sank to the lowest whisper. "Here come Race; he Congo nigger, and dey do say he make his fetish do dreiful things tu niggers he hab a spite agin—I'd ruther talk to you 'bout it some udder time, Massa Phil."

Ben rolled himself off before Race got within hearing.

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leas.—*Sharp.*

MR. ELLIOTT'S CLERK.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I was very much like a girl of seventeen to allow her impulses to subvert her judgment in a matter of this kind."

Mrs. Willard's very tones always carried a certain degree of weight with them. They were so calm, so self-poised, they seemed to have in them some peculiar individuality which always conveyed the impression that the speaker was a person of unusual soundness of judgment, penetration, discretion; all of which was apt to make one who differed from her feel vastly uncomfortable. It required a good deal of courage to assert one's opinion or attitude when in antagonism to hers; for her voice carried out and emphasized the impression of her manner, and that was in all respects proper and dignified. For Mrs. Willard was to an eminent degree proper, respectable. Her gods were the gods of this world—social position, honor, respectability. To analyze her in a few words, I think her head was broader than her heart—for she had a good deal of weight in the narrow orbit in which she moved—but she lacked wide sympathies, and generous impulses, and keen intuitions. Mrs. Willard never made a serious mistake. You will understand me here. I mean one of that class of mistakes which the world would condemn. She was never hurried out of herself by the fervor of any feeling, or conviction, or impulse. It is true, there may be a question whether her life was not in some sense, after all, one long, sad mistake. But if so, it was of a nature of which the world takes small cognizance.

"Well, perhaps it was not very wise, aunt Esther," answered, in a half-apologetic, half-pleading tone, the voice of Maude Elliott; "but, really, I felt so sorry for Robert that I found it quite impossible not to exert all my influence in his favor. It might not have been wise, but I could not help it, and that is my only excuse, which I know you will regard as a very weak one."

"Of course I must, Maude. How will you ever be able to get through life, if you allow your feelings to control your sound judgment in a matter so important as this one?"

Maude Elliott plunged the wrong point of her parasol into the heart of the roses which flushed the dead green ground of the carpet, and there was a look of perplexity, which was almost pain, on her young, sweet face.

"I don't know, aunt Esther; I expect I shall never be wise and judicious as you are."

"That is no way to improve yourself, my

child," slightly flattered by the praise which inhered in her niece's remark. "You must learn to discipline your feelings—to bring them entirely under the control of sound sense."

"I never can, I'm afraid, aunt Esther; they'd be sure to get the rein before I was aware of it."

Maude Elliott's rueful look was amusing. She suspected as little as Mrs. Willard did that these impulses of her warm, fresh, tender nature were an honor and a praise to her, proving the real grain and richness of her soul. Alas! alas! for those who seek to instill into such natures the slow poison of their worldly wisdom, to close the gates and bar the doors of the heart, and to silence the cool leaping of the fountain within its gardens.

Mrs. Willard closed this deprecatory portion of her conversation by remarking: "Well, Maude, I hope that years and experience will do something for you in this matter; and now, as you have taken this responsibility of reinstating Robert in his old place, I must ask you to convey to him a message from me."

"What will it be, aunt?" with some solicitude in her expressive face.

"Of course, I am unwilling, after his late conduct, that he should visit at my house any more. I deeply fear the effect of his influence on Bryant, and, of course, he must bear the consequences of his own evil courses."

"O, aunt Esther! surely you can not intend that I shall be the bearer of a message like that one to Robert English. You know his quick, proud, sensitive nature, and how such a speech must wound down to its very core." And for the first time there was a little note of indignation in the impassioned voice of Maude Elliott. Very striking was the contrast of Mrs. Willard's.

"Very well, Maude, as I said, he has brought on himself the penalty of his wrong-doing, as we all of us must, and should be willing to abide by it. However, I do not insist on making you the bearer of my wishes to Robert. I can convey them through some other channel."

"But, aunt Esther, you are a mother;" the feelings of the speaker clearing her way into an argument which would be the most likely to reach Mrs. Willard. "Suppose Robert was *your* son, would you think that it was just, generous, merciful, to treat him in this way?"

Mrs. Willard looked up in a little surprise. She thought her niece quite too young to take an attitude of such positive opposition to her, and it may be, that for a moment the woman and the mother felt the force of this plea—only for a moment, however.

"I am unable to conceive of a position like that, Maude, and, therefore, I can not answer

you. It would be impossible, I believe, for my son to occupy Robert English's position." And Maude's sharpened instincts detected a little shade of reproof in her aunt's voice, as though the girl had done her cousin and his mother a wrong by even a suggestion of this kind.

"But, aunt Esther, if it be true, as you say, that it is quite impossible to place Bryant in poor Robert's place, still, if your boy had been, like him, motherless and fatherless, you can not tell whether he would be now a particle better. You do not know how much he owes to your care and your influence."

I think this last speech might have had some strong weight with Mrs. Willard, for it carried with it some praise very dear to her heart; but she was one of those inflexible natures who regard it humiliating to surrender a position which is once taken. It would be a moral defeat which her pride would not allow her to suffer, especially as in this case the victor would be one toward whom she had hitherto carried herself with an air of immense superiority. She could not admit for a moment the thought that her young, inexperienced niece had the advantage of her in any argument, and the secret feeling that she had really lost ground in this matter made her adhere to her own side with redoubled pertinacity.

"I have not your imagination, Maude," with a slight note of sarcasm in the soft, steady, sliding tones, "therefore, I find it impossible to place Bryant in any of these circumstances. If my son had had the bringing up of some men, he might have been a liar, a thief, any thing else, perhaps. Thank God! he has not had the one, therefore, he is not the other, and I must not allow any weak sentiment for people of this class to plunge him into relations and associations with them, which can only result in his injury."

"Well, aunt Esther, you are older and wiser than I, and I will not pursue this argument; only I am not convinced. I believe that in this treatment of Robert English, you are not following the mercy which we may all need—the mercy which rejoices against judgment."

And Maude Elliott hardly knew her own voice at that moment, it sounded so strange and solemn. The words struck home again, but Mrs. Willard rallied.

"When you are as old as I, Maude, you will see things differently; but I will not trouble you with the message to Robert."

"If you are determined to send it, aunt Esther, let me be the bearer."

Mrs. Willard did not demur this time, although she understood perfectly well that her niece's motive, in desiring to execute an errand which must

be most painful to her, was to do it in the least offensive manner possible.

I have repeated this conversation hoping it would convey to you an impression of these two, of whom it was strongly characteristic.

Maude Elliott left her aunt that morning with a new insight into her real essence, that greatly abated the old childish reverence with which she had previously regarded her.

Maude's mother was Mrs. Willard's sister, but wholly unlike her in person and character; a gentle, absorbent, tender nature whose warmth and affection Maude inherited with her father's greater force and strength. Mrs. Elliott had died while her daughter was among her early teens, and her sister Esther had, in some very limited sense, supplied the mother's loss to the orphan.

Maude was her father's idol. He was naturally a somewhat stern, reticent, inflexible man, but honorable to the core; a man who held his word sacred as his life; a shrewd, prosperous business man, not widely loved, but universally respected, and always a little feared by his subordinates. The road to his heart was a long, circuitous one, but there was an inn there, with goodly lodgings, and one gold and purple chamber over whose threshold no feet ever passed but those of his sweet daughter, Maude Elliott.

A sweet face, very far from handsome, had this girl. The blue eyes were full of thoughtful intelligence which at times gave a certain gravity to the young face with its bright bloom of youth and health. And within the week preceding the conversation which introduces her to you, Maude had given singular proof of the influence which she possessed over her father. Nobody in the world, saving herself, could have induced the gentleman to receive back Robert English into his counting-room; but the flutter in that soft, girlish voice; the plea in those blue eyes, which were like her mother's; the graceful figure, perched on his knee while she talked, had all been too much for the gentleman's resentment and pertinacity, and the matter had ended at last with her father's putting the sweet petitioner off his knee, saying: "Tut, tut, Maude, have it your own way, and write to the young rascal that he can come back, for I never will. Women and girls are all the same. They have a genius for coaxing and teasing a man out of his senses. 'It shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom;' other lips than royal ones have said this in all times to far less sensible women than was Esther, bride of Ahasuerus. Get out of my sight, and don't let me see you again, for persuading your father into making a fool of himself."

"No, father, I shall not get out of your sight for persuading you to do a generous, noble deed;

one that you will never repent of, and that may be the salvation of Robert English, for although you certainly have great cause for indignation, still you know there is a better side to him; a side that will be sorry and ashamed of what he has done, and touched to the quick at your great generosity and forbearance."

"Very likely; but what is the use of people's 'better sides' if they do n't live them, and only turn the worst toward you?"

"But that is not 'putting the case' right for Robert now."

And she was back on his knee again with a bright laugh of triumph in her blue eyes.

"A great deal nearer right than I wish it was. However, you may tell the rascal to come back and play the old trick on me once more, but it will be his last chance."

And Maude did tell him, but in very different words from her father's.

There was certainly much to elicit sympathy as well as blame in the case of Robert English. He was a distant relative of Mr. Elliott's brother's wife, without father or mother, brother or sister.

A wonderfully-bright, shrewd, intelligent boy had he been, but his early training and associations had been of an unfortunate and most relaxing kind in a moral point of view. He had been petted, flattered, indulged to the utmost by the family who had received him after his parent's death, this being composed of their former housekeeper, with her son and daughter. So, with his quick, bright, susceptible nature he came up to his sixteenth year, and then Mr. Elliott was prevailed to receive him into his counting-room. He took an unusual liking to the boy, and a very flattering perspective of promotion in the large commercial house spread itself before the youth of Robert English; but, alas! he fell among the snares and pitfalls laid for him in the great city. He neglected his business—he went to the theater, to gambling-houses—and adding one flagrant offense to another, finally compelled the house to dismiss him.

This disgrace brought him to his right mind, to remorse and shame, and Mr. Elliott was finally induced to restore him to his former position, for his penitence seemed deep and his promises of amendment were ample; and this time for the sake of the connection which existed between them, and in order to save the youth from the temptations which, amid his former companions and associations, were likely to beset him, Mr. Elliott received him into his own family.

That he fell again I am sorry to write. That fall was not so deep as the former ones, and the excuse was greater; but Mr. Elliott was a man

of strong prejudices, and when his confidence was once shaken it was difficult to restore it.

He meant to be only just; but he was severe, almost harsh in peremptorily dismissing his clerk; and Robert English left him this time with a burning sense of indignation and wrong, and a fixed resolution that no circumstance could ever induce him to return to the house again.

But he did; for afterward Maude took his part—with what success we have seen.

"Robert," said Maude Elliott, standing by the piano, over whose keys her fingers had been flashing for a while, while some soft air palpitated out, and crept up and down the room in a flame of sweet sound; but all this had died out at last. And then Robert English, with whom love of music was a passion, rose up and walked to the door, where Maude's voice, with some timid appeal or doubt in it, called him back. Robert English knew all that he owed Maude Elliott, and with all his faults he was not one to forget the work which she had done for him. He came back quickly. He would have gone at much greater cost at the slightest call of this his good angel.

"What is it Miss Maude?"

"I thought I heard you say at tea that you would go over to see Bryant this evening."

He is a tall, slender, fine-looking youth, as he stands before Maude. You like his face; the dark, fiery eyes, the comely features, the mouth which, somewhat lacking in force, has still a good deal of character and plenty of incipient merriment.

"Yes, I intend to go. Have you any message to send to your aunt or cousins?"

"No!" She was bracing her courage to speak some very painful words—words which she felt must wound to the core; and what their after effect might be she dared not think. Her cheeks faded and kindled. At last the words came, broken and hardly coherent:

"Robert, if I were you—really, really I would n't go there to-night."

"Why not, Maude?" The deep eyes, full of surprise, rested with curiosity on her face.

"I can't tell you—indeed I can't; only do n't go, that is all. You know I am your friend, Robert, and have reason for speaking as I do."

He looked at her a moment, her sweet face full of fear and pain. He did in no wise lack penetration—this youth, Robert English. He turned and walked up and down the room once or twice; the bright face of a moment before settled into a dark, fierce look, then he came back and stood before Maude.

"I understand you, Maude," he said, looking into her troubled eyes. "You are too kind, too fearful of wounding me to speak it; but the truth is this, your aunt thinks I am not worthy now to associate with her son, and consequently does not wish me to enter her house."

It was cruel. The heart of Maude Elliott rose up bitterly against her aunt at that moment. What could she do? Her face answered for her.

"I see how it is, Maude. You've tried to save me—to be my good angel, but there's no use. I've fallen beyond help, and I may as well give up this struggling against temptation, and *I will*."

The last words were fierce and bitter enough, for now the devil had entered into the heart of Robert English.

Maude seized hold of his arm in her pity and terror. "You will not do this thing that you threaten. You will live to prove to those who doubt you now the true manhood, the real honor which I know are in you. O, do not make my faith and my prophecies vain!"

It was the first time that either had alluded to Maude's interposition in behalf of her father's clerk.

It was an appeal that went home. The anger which had flamed into and darkened the youth's face disappeared. The great, slow tears swelled into his eyes. "Maude," said Robert English, "if any thing will save me it will be the thought of you, and of all you have done for me."

"And you will not mind aunt Esther? It was very wrong in her to do this thing, and she may live to see it."

"It is hard, and bitter, and shameful. I not fit to see her son, Bryant Willard!"

The words fairly ground themselves out of his lips.

"But remember, Robert, that I have faith in you; that I have said you will not fall again."

He looked at the sweet, fervent face, and in this hour, as never before, the higher nature of Robert English got the mastery. With a mighty impulse he swayed toward truth and right.

"Maude," he said humbly, "God helping me I will go through whatever of fiery temptation is before me. Your faith in me shall not be proven without foundation. I have been a fool; I will be a man now, let them do and say what they will, and you, and you only, have saved me."

Then the door opened and Maude's father came in, and neither then, nor after for years, was there any further allusion to the subject of this night's conversation.

RECOMPENSE.

BY LILY LICHEN.

My darling went with the regiment,
'T was an Indian Summer day,
And the sweet, sad haze on the distant hills,
Like a benediction lay;
My darling held me close to his breast,
And kissed me and went away.

The drum and the fife came up the street,
And the tramp of marching men;
I bent out into the mocking light
To look at him once again;
'T was his own bright smile, and I smiled to him back,
Crushing my heart's mad pain.

I watched the plume of his soldier hat,
And the brown curls under its rim,
Till the roll of the drum grew faint and far,
And my eyes were strained and dim;
He was gone at last—quite gone, and I—
O God, I had none but him!

I can not tell how the months went by,
I only know they went;
The chill frosts came, and the dead leaves fell,
And the pitying heavens sent
A robe of snow for the sorrowing earth,
When her Summer bloom was spent.

I tried to be brave, for my darling's sake,
But O, it is hardest of all
To be a woman in times like these
And hear the rallying call
That summons our dear ones to camp and to field,
To suffer, and fight, and fall,

And we be left in our ideal ease,
When the last "good-by" is said,
Stitching our bits of embroidery
With heart-strings and not with thread—
Crying out in the depths of our bleeding hearts,
Like Rachel, uncomforted!

If we only could stand with them under the flag,
Side by side, fronting the foe,
And catch sometimes in our breast the stroke
That else had laid them low—
Losing life gladly to save dearer life,
We could take up our crosses so.

Spring blent into Summer; the Fourth came on—
"The glorious Fourth," so I heard them cry;
With Vicksburg fallen and Lee in retreat,
What wonder the flags waved high?
I shouted, "Hurrah!" with glad tears in my eyes,
Watching the crowd surge by.

All at once a shadow fell over the house,
The faces around me grew white,
And somehow I knew there were tidings from him,
They were trying to keep from my sight;
I think I turned wild in that moment of doubt,
For they shrank from my face in affright.

They gave the telegram into my hand,
I did not moan nor cry,

I read one word, with a brain on fire,
While the rest stood weeping by—
"Killed!" One word, but a breath to speak,
Yet it wiped my world out of the sky.

The breath of the roses blew over the hedge—
He planted them long ago—
And there were the elms he loved so well,
With their stately heads aglow;
I laughed to think how the sun could shine,
And we be so dark below.

The room swooned by with a dizzying rush,
And I fell on the floor like lead;
They lifted me up with their tender hands,
And I heard them say, "She is dead."
"Dead?" I thought. "Is there then no rest
Coming when life is fled?"

May be 't was a dream came over me then,
But I felt a soft wind play,
Laden with scents of a tropical clime,
Over my cheek as I lay,
And my shut eyes looked on a stranger land,
Through the twilight still and gray.

A woman knelt at a cabin door,
It seemed a desolate place,
And the spectral light of the rising moon
Shone full on her dusky face,
Showing the lines of an agony
That know not blood nor race.

What was it she held on her bended knee,
Wildly kissing it o'er and o'er?
God help the woman! Those poor, dead lips
Will never answer her more.
"My darling!" she sobbed—how I shrank at the words,
Probing my heart to the core.

My darling fell on a well-won field,
With glory for every wound;
Her darling sank 'neath the driver's lash,
Cowering down to the ground,
Glad to slip from the weary world
Into that sleep profound.

My darling would lie in a soldier's grave,
With the flag around his breast,
Sad music playing above his bier,
As they laid him down to his rest;
They would kick *her* darling away like a dog,
With a curse or a brutal jest.

The vision passed from my wondering sight—
I heard them call my name;
But as once to the Watcher on Olivet,
The strengthening angel came;
It had borne the pain from my breaking heart,
From my brain the torturing flame.

If I had my darling back in my arms
Would I bid him stay or go?
I would give the sword to his gallant hand,
And send him forth to the foe,
And bid him strike in the name of God,
Were it only a single blow.

When I clasp him some time in that Eden beyond,
Awaiting victorious faith,

My own forever! his calm brows crowned
With flowers of immortal breath,
What matter to us though some blood-drops were mixed
With his early baptism of death?

And if, when eternity's sunless light
Shall make earth's mysteries plain,
We see how the stroke of his saber broke
One link of Oppression's chain,
And an outcast race through his martyrdom rose
One step from their depths of pain—

Shall we grieve, as we walk by the river of life,
That his coming were not more slow?
Shall we care when our eyes have forgotten to weep
For the tears we shed below?
Shall we feel the smart of our earthly wounds
Where the trees of healing grow?

—○○○—
ALONE.

BY ANNIE K. HOWE.

ALONE I sit and mournfully dream,
As I list to the dropping rain,
Of a fair, young face that never will beam
On me in its beauty again.

A pain thrills over my heart and brow
As the night-winds sadly pass,
And I think of a form that's slumbering now
Under the withered grass.

I look for the stars that shone last night,
But, ah! they all have flown;
And I weep for the eyes whose sweet, blue light
Lies under the cold, white stone.

O, the wind's so sad, and my room's so still,
And mournfully drips the rain;
I long for that glad, young voice to fill
These walls with music again!

For a step as light as the young gazelle's,
Tripping across the floor,
And a voice as sweet as a chime of bells,
Thrilling my heart once more!

For joys that folded their silken wings,
And hopes that paled and fled,
And the lute that lies with shattered strings,
Since drooped her bright young head!

But I long in vain; the waves that bore
Her out on that shoreless sea,
Will never, no never, again restore
My dear, lost love to me.

Alone on my wearisome way I go,
Ever missing her from my side,
My reft heart throbbing in voiceless woe
For the beautiful one that died.

Haste, haste, ye waves! O haste and bear
Me out on that shoreless stream,
To that land where that face, so sweet and fair,
Ever on me shall beam.

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFY, D. D.

NIGHT THE TWELFTH.

RIGHT here, reader, in the light of this glowing fire, and with our old Scandinavian chandelier adding to the radiance of our apartment from several streaming jets, we are to try our hand at recalling the first impressions made upon us, of all that we have seen and suffered for the first several months of our being dwellers here at the seat and center of this old Scandian region. We have just come in from a long and delightful ramble over the seven islands on which this beautiful capital is built. We have greatly refreshed ourselves with the walk, and have supplied our systems with a quantity of oxygen, which must support us well during the time that we are to sit and talk. We were tempted by the clean streets, and the bracing air, and the spotless sky, and the sweet young moon, and the running water pouring through the city from the Mælar to the Baltic, to spend half the night or more out of doors. But this is the night of our monthly sitting. The hour summons us to our accustomed cozy spot; and we must let the moon and the stars shine for others, and the waters tell their adventures among rocks and islands into other ears than ours. We have enjoyed the scene and the scenery before. We have our own little adventures to relate, while the rippling streams are telling theirs. So, beginning from the first, and going directly forward through the maze of our experience, guided only by the Ariadnean thread of memory, we will live over again this little portion of our existence for our personal enjoyment, and for the sake of those who may condescend to share our happiness.

II. But you tell me, reader, that you have had a little "boreal night" in your own quiet mansion, a sort of echo to some one that you and I have had in a more public manner. You tell me that Deacon Matter-of-fact came to your house one evening and spent a great portion of his time, after several very complimentary observations—which I know you had the courtesy to receive with gratitude in the name of both of us—in pointing out a couple of discrepancies which he had discovered in our communications to the public. He wished to know, you say, how you and I could enter London by steaming up the Thames, and at the same time enter it on the other side of the metropolis by rail. He also wished to be informed, you add, how we could enter Stockholm from the Baltic and by the railroad from Gottenburg at one and the

same time. True enough, my good reader; and yet you inform me that you answered him to his complete satisfaction. You told him, indeed, that we do not profess to be publishing a diary, and that we have entered London and Stockholm a great many times since we came to Europe. You gave him to understand, that we are exhibiting sketches of our varied experience, presenting nothing but realities in our successive evenings, but leaving out all such needless particularities as those mentioned. We are floating along, you say, on the bosom of a great river, which combines into one current a thousand little streamlets; but though collecting and embodying what is thus furnished from so many quarters, the current does not worry us with special deviations to the mouths of its numerous tributaries, nor by whirling us around each one of its circulating eddies, but bears us along in so direct and yet so natural a manner, that we lose no time, while we have abundant opportunity for all needful observations. That is what you told him; but you would like to know what I would have said upon the subject, had I been there to answer for myself. Well, good reader, I could scarcely have bettered your style of apologizing; but I might have referred my old friend, the Deacon, whom I have known well in other days, to that axiom, which, at the outset, you and I proposed in these pages to make immortal: "That, in every thing we do and say, something must be left to the imagination."

III. Axiom or no axiom, however, here we are, reader, just landed among the brilliant lights of the great railway station of the metropolis of Sweden. We are about five thousand miles from home; the night is as black as was ever seen outside of Egypt; the clouds are sifting a cold Autumnal mist upon the earth; the streets are wet, muddy, and in every way forbidding; there is not a soul in all this babbling crowd that either knows or cares a copper for us; nor can we understand a sentence of their speech, or make one of them comprehend a sentence of our own; and yet we have our baggage to look after and receive, we have a conveyance to find for the baggage and another for ourselves, we have a hotel to reach, and there to make our wants known as best we may.

What say you of this picture, reader? Do you think any one of us would be justified in becoming at once homesick? Do not speak of homesickness. To be homesick is to be a coward. There is in it a lack of self-reliance. Let a man begin life with nothing; let him have nothing as he goes along but what he pays for by his own hard labor; let him, rich or poor, and under all circumstances, have an opinion of

his own and honestly maintain it; let him flatter no friends, nor make mercenary obeisances to men in power, but under Providence alone depend upon himself; let him in prosperity learn to regard the humblest man his equal, and in adversity no man his superior, unless nature and discipline have made him so in mental and moral qualities; but, making no account of station, let him fight a score or two of battles—of the pen, of the tongue, and even of powder and lead, where the veritable bullets fall about him like showers of hail—all the while feeling himself to be invulnerable and immortal till his work is done, though called, like old Athanasius, it may be, to contend single against a world in arms; let him in all possible situations acquire the habit of believing in himself, of trusting to his own ability to labor and to wait with the consciousness that there is a covenant, a contract, an alliance between himself and God, by virtue of which he is only to do what he can and then know that the result must be good.

Let such be the temper of a mortal man and nothing will discourage him. Whether fortune smile or scowl, whether friends fawn or fail him, in every place he visits, and in every vicissitude of life, he has a settled confidence and peace which no event can shake. There is no cloud upon his path, and can be none, because there is a glowing light shining from within upon it. If there are many with him he enjoys their society greatly, and they enjoy him because his heart is full of sunshine, and he is too self-reliant to give them trouble. If the world turns away and leaves him alone he has the more time for himself, for nature, and for God, and feels that the world has been the loser by the separation, if there has been any loss at all, for he sees in the world's gift nothing that he wants.

Such, at all events, good reader, are some of the characteristics, as I fancy them, of an independent, self-relying man. But I shall say no more at present. You know that I abhor the account-current style of writing, and have resolved from the first to leave some things to the imagination of my readers.

IV. So, then, we are not rendered homesick, we are not disheartened, on our arrival into Stockholm. At Gottenburg the baggage-master pasted upon each of our numerous trunks and boxes a little oblong piece of paper with the number *fifty-seven* printed on it. He gave me a little ticket, not very unlike a conductor's check in the United States, with the same number on it. Without the ability to frame one Swedish sentence, therefore, I had now

only to exhibit my check to the baggage-master at this end of the route to receive all my effects in due order. Then as to conveyances, every box and trunk, and the whole pile together, speak for me, and the language is as intelligible to the hackmen, draymen, and handbarrowmen as it would have been in America or had been in England. It is remarkable how much of a man's meaning can be conveyed without the utterance of a syllable. We all know to what perfection the classic nations of antiquity carried the art of pantomime. They not only express their feelings but their thoughts with such accuracy and power as to draw tears of admiration from assembled thousands. But every one has the elements of this pantomime art; and among all nations it is a universal language. Every man can speak it; every man can understand it. We find it so on this occasion. We try the crowd with German, then French, and lastly English, all to no purpose; but the moment we speak the dialect of Nature they all instantly comprehend us. Our luggage is at once taken in hand, and in half an hour we are all safely deposited at the outer door of the Rydberg, the most magnificent hotel we have seen since we left our native country.

V. Here, however, we encounter a real difficulty. It is a difficulty so stubborn that it can be surmounted only by a superior quality or a larger amount of stubbornness. Our baggage has been deposited in the anteroom of this great hotel, and we call the porter to attend to us. He soon bows himself down a short flight of steps, but only to inform us that the house is full, and that we must seek lodgings and entertainment elsewhere.

What a reception! But I am not willing to trust the matter to the decision of a servant. I order the porter, who, like most of his profession in Europe, speaks a little English, to call the landlord. But the landlord is either too great a man or too much occupied with something else, I understand not which, to descend to such a trifle as admitting a few strangers or rejecting them. But a dogged resolution at last prevails. The landlord comes to the inner door of the anteroom and looks down upon us. He is a Frenchman without any English, but he politely motions us to leave, and adds in French, not imagining that two of us can understand him, "that he has not a room, nor a bed, nor a place of any kind for any one of us." Then, in as good a style as I can master for the moment, partly in one language and partly in another, through the assistance of the porter, the said landlord and the writer of these lines enter into a dialogue,

which might be spoken upon a country stage or printed in a spelling-book:

Landlord. "I insist that I *can not* entertain you."

Writer. "And I insist that you *must* entertain us."

L. "There is not a room nor a bed left for any person."

W. "In this immense establishment are there not two rooms where we can lie down or one where we can sit up till morning?"

L. "Not one that is at all suitable for such a purpose."

W. "What do you mean by 'suitable'?"

L. "I mean suitable for such persons as you seem to be."

W. "But will you permit us to be our own judges of what is suitable?"

L. "I have said before that I have nothing for you."

W. "But you *have* something for us. You have this anteroom to begin with, and if you give me no better place I am determined to stand or sit here till morning. You will not think for a moment of turning us out into the rain and mud to hunt through this unknown city for a mere shelter to sit under for a few short hours."

L. "You are English, I perceive, not only by your language, but, by your perseverance." He meant *obstinacy*.

W. "English! No, sir, ten thousand times worse than that. A continent of Englishmen simmered into one could not resolve and feel as we do. I am an American, five thousand miles from home, right from the battle-fields of liberty, where people are fighting for just such men as you are the world over. I have slept upon the ground without a covering, with rain and snow falling on me, and you have no spot, if clean, within this great building where I will not sleep before I will suffer myself to be turned out on such a night as this when I am told that yours is the only hotel in Stockholm where rooms and food are furnished after the fashion of my own country."

VI. The work is done—the cord is touched. With a French bow which carried in it the quintessence of a score of apologies, the relenting and now exceedingly-attentive landlord orders the folding doors to open and let us in; and we follow him up two long flights of stone stairs and thence through several winding passages into a little private parlor, out of which there is another little room, all furnished in the most convenient and even luxurious manner. This is the best the landlord can do for us this night, but to-morrow he will give us "suitable"

accommodations. I insist now that he shall not trouble himself any further, telling him that we can get along with these accommodations till the ordinary changes of such a house shall open to us other rooms. But this does not satisfy our now thoroughly-polite landlord. We have scarcely finished the needful duties of the water-basin, towel, and toilet before a rap at our door brings a message that other apartments have been found where we can enjoy much more "suitable" accommodations.

That word "suitable" is a great word in Europe. You have only to put a star upon your coat or a button to your hat to cause every door to open voluntarily and every man you meet to bend before you in absolute servility. But we have no stars on us, nor do our hats have buttons. We are dressed for traveling, not for show, according to our republican way of doing things. The two young gentlemen came to the house in caps, and my old Kossuth had been upon my head nearly all the time for about a year, for in the army, when not used as a basket, it had been my hat and night-cap, and I had slept in it more than half the nights of our long, dreary, chilly voyage over the bosom of two oceans. Before getting to the door of this great hotel that same hat had become an "institution," and it was to its indomitable tendency to falling out of shape and taking upon itself certain chaotic aspects that I probably owed some portion of our bad reception; but when the landlord came to discover that, shocking as it appeared as an article of dress, there was some French, some resolution, and a genuine Yankee in it, it became at once my talisman, my letter of introduction, and my badge of more than noble lineage!

VII. But it will seem to many, reader, that you and I have had rather a rough trip of it when taken altogether. And so we have; but we like these rough-and-tumble ways of getting through the world. Smooth seas make very poor sailors. This settling down for life upon some ample foundation, such as an ecclesiastical office or some educational position, where we must talk and act under continual respect to some false taste got up by a generation of shallow people, and have no running of tangents from a narrow circle of operations, and no knocking of our heads against the new ideas of the world as we may chance to find them, would be no life at all for us. We want more freedom and more experience. We will take every thing in good nature, and never lay up a hardness against a fellow-creature; but we can not consent to wear any body's fetters nor pass our days in strait-jackets. Those that

like such things may have them. As for us, there is no office, no position, no place which we would choose to take, which we could not leave at once, if we felt it to be our duty, as soon as we had sucked the honey of its instruction from it.

We have seen two characters in Europe that have moved our pity. In England we had the luck to look upon a Church of England Bishop. We saw him in his robes of office; we saw him afterward dismantled, and each time we commiserated the man who, being once a bishop, must always and every-where be a bishop. We have seen another mortal doomed to wear a crown. Do what he will, go where he may, he must be a monarch. What a pitiful condition of existence in this bright world of shifting seasons, of rising and falling planets, and of varied and glorious opportunities! What a killing monotony to stand forever upon the same stage and be confined for life to a single part! If the thing is foreordained, or the only or highest mode of usefulness, then submit to your fate with the spirit of a martyr. But how any human being with a soul within him, with a lively and discursive intellect to lead him, or with one glimpse of the grandeur of being forever free, within the limits of a magnificent and almost boundless universe, can seek for this sort of bondage, or enjoy it when obtained, is beyond our comprehension.

I once conversed for an evening with a very devout female missionary, who, with all her ardent piety, related how she leaped from the coach, making all the passengers follow her example, and threw up her bonnet—her husband and the rest at the same time throwing up their hats—in commemoration of her joy, that at that moment they were taking their farewell of the last house between the *wilderness* before and the senseless conventionalities of what was called *society* behind them. I wonder if kings, and bishops, and all similar characters do not sometimes feel this touch of nature! I am acquainted with one individual at any rate who has been heard to say that he would rather have his freedom to think, to speak, to write, and to follow his own ideas than to wear all the miters and crowns in Christendom; but those who never have had similar inclinations, though they may read his declarations, will never be able to comprehend them.

VIII. But what of our life at the Rydberg, in the beautiful capital of Sweden? If, reader, we undertake to answer this natural inquiry we must first guard those who follow up our narrations against one of our besetting virtues. From the exuberance of our good feeling toward

all mankind we are always disposed to say every good thing we know of a country as well as of individuals, and have been sometimes blamed for representing both friends and enemies beyond their merits. But we have no enemies. We feel kindly toward every human being, and only wonder that every human being does not return the sentiment. We always speak well of every body, and we shall now speak well of Sweden. We came here by the consent of the King and country, and it would be wretched taste in us to abuse them for their kindness. And yet we shall give true narratives of our actual experience, and present things precisely as we see them, but—we forewarn every one—with such indomitable good nature that careless persons may overlook the blemishes pointed out but not dwell upon with unwise severity. Look sharply every one who wishes to understand our pictures!

Here we are, then, at our supper-table in the finest dining-room we have seen in Europe. It is about sixty-five feet square, if we may judge by simple observation. The walls are paneled, and the panels are covered with very appropriate frescoes. The ceiling is also full of emblematic paintings. There reigns every-where a spirit of taste and neatness. The room is well supplied with tables, large and small, where parties may accommodate themselves according to their numbers. We come here and take seats where we will, each party, however, sitting down together. We select from the long printed bill what we like, for the dishes are all set down in French as well as Swedish. When selected we must wait for our meal to be cooked, and it may be purchased; and on this introductory occasion we sit about one hour, famished as we are, before we receive any thing for the commencement of operations. But the full table comes at last. It is a supper for a monarch, perfectly cooked and presented to us in the best style of the art of cooking. Reader, you and I have many times enjoyed the festival scenes of Homer, where the old bard contrives to put the Greeks into a state bordering upon starvation and then suddenly drops a feast down before them rich enough for a supper to the gods on the summit of Olympus. How your mouth and mine have watered when looking in fancy only upon such scenes as the poet managed to set before us! But what were they to eating our first supper when just from sea, and after a railway ride of fourteen hours on nothing but the pickings at the stations! I must leave every thing here to the imaginations of those not present. I will say only one thing. The servants caused us to wait for them, as

has been said, quite one hour. Now it is our turn, and I expect those same servants will learn a lesson in what is called patience before they see the last of one of our company on this first hungry night at the Rydberg.

But where shall we go after eating? This becomes at once the leading question. Where are the great drawing-rooms, where the cozy little parlors into which we may bestow ourselves for half an hour before retiring for the night? We look the great house over, but without finding such a place. The truth is, in Sweden, as in the rest of Europe, there are no public rooms in the hotels for general conversation. If a party wish a room for common rendezvous they must hire it by the day or week, as they do their individual sleeping-rooms. They then open it only for themselves and lock it up again on leaving it. No one but the servants has access to it, but they pass freely in and out by means of their own keys, whether its temporary occupants are within or absent. There is no provision, therefore, for general intercourse or for general observation to the traveling public. They may see each other at their respective tables while dining in a common room; but this is all the guests of a great house here know of one another. And there is not much opportunity in this way, for they have no one time for either meal of the day, while the more aristocratic always eat in their own parlors. The whole system, in fact, is aristocratic and exclusive, exceedingly disagreeable to the taste and temper of a democratic American, who feels himself to be just as good, if he knows as much and behaves as well, as the biggest of these great men of stars and buttons.

AUGUST AFTERNOON.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Slow through the meadow winds the sluggish stream;
Slow wave the wheat-fields on the upland plain;
Far off, one crimsoning maple, all agleam,
Paints on the dark-green woods a deep, prophetic stain.

Slow o'er the mountains, sleeping 'gainst the skies,
Alternate waves of shine and shadow pass,
While slumberous flocks of all-hued butterflies
Float like a sunset-mist above the fragrant grass.

Hushed are all sounds of labor and of life;
Silent all winds, subdued the water's tone;
One garrulous, late-fledged brood in songful strife
Makes vocal yon dark pine of all the wood alone.

O, mountain brows, with mists of purple bound!
O, meadows, rich with ripeness, beaming bliss!
O, hills, with bright, perpetual verdure crowned!
What words of mine can fit you such a day as this?

"HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE."

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

I WAS falling, falling;
Below me yawned the gulf of sunless, dark despairing,
Where hope ne'er comes to ease the burdens we are wearing;
The world seemed but a grave, without its sweet forgetting
Of what makes life and living only worthy cur regretting.

My hands let go at last
Their death-like grasp upon the crags that jutted o'er me;
I saw no more the reeds self-love held out before me;
Ambition, pride, and wealth lost all their rainbow beauty,
And seemed not half so fair as gray-clad, sober Duty.

Then as I fell down, down,
I seemed to lose all hope; but heavenly arms sustaining,
Lifted my spirit up, so filled with sad complaining;
The Savior whispered, "Peace! upon my breast lean ever;
In that close haven kept, earth's storms shall reach thee never."

And now my soul 's at rest;
The earth looks green and fair, the sky is bright above me,
The trees, and flowers, and birds, come near to me and love me;
I go with gladsome heart to fill my earthly mission,
That I may find at last hope's blessed, full fruition.

ECHOES AND SHADOWS.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

THERE is no single sound in earth's domain,
For all have double tones of joy or woe,
As caves and forests from their distant aisles
Give echoes loud or low.

There is no shape of beauty or of fear
But hath a shadow pictured at its side,
As happy children see their own bright eyes
Where the smooth waters glide.

I know not whether all the sounds of joy
That on the Summer breezes softly swell,
Are the faint echoes of that higher song
Sung where the angels dwell.

I know not whether all the gorgeous dyes
That paint earth's floating clouds at sunset hour,
Are dim reflections from those upper skies
Of jasper wall and tower.

But this I know, we have another life
Colored too highly for our mortal view,
And in that brighter light we shall discern
The shadow and the true.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. E. F. CARY, D. D.

MOSCOW IN FLAMES. THE RETREAT OF TWENTY DAYS. 1813-14 THE EMPIRE WRECKED.

ON the 14th of September the army entered Moscow. Every thing seemed sad in this war, even to triumphs; our soldiers were accustomed to enter capitals and not cities of the dead. Moscow seemed one vast tomb, everywhere deserted, every-where silent. Napoleon established his quarters at the Kremlin, and the army scattered throughout the city; then night came.

At midnight Napoleon was awakened by the cry—*Fire!* Blood-red rays penetrated to his cot; he ran to his window—Moscow was in flames; the sublime Erostratus, Rotopschin, had at the same time immortalized himself and saved his country.

It was necessary to escape from that ocean of flame which rolled like the sea. On the 16th Napoleon, surrounded with ruins, enveloped by fire, was forced to leave the Kremlin and to retire to the chateau of Peteroskoi. There began his struggle with his generals, who counseled him while he had opportunity to abandon his fatal conquest. At that strange and unaccustomed language he hesitated, and turns his eyes alternately toward Paris and St. Petersburg; a hundred and fifty leagues only separate him from one, eight hundred leagues from the other. To march on St. Petersburg is to establish his victory; to retire to Paris is to avow his defeat.

While this was passing Winter came, which no more counseled but ordered. On the 15th, 16th, 17th, and the 18th of October the sick were taken to Mojaïsk and Smolensk; on the 22d Napoleon went out of Moscow; on the 23d the Kremlin was blown up. Eleven days of the retreat passed without any great disaster, when all at once, on the 7th of November, the thermometer descends from five to eighteen degrees below zero; and on the 29th a bulletin, dated the 14th, bore to Paris the news of unheard-of disasters, to which the French would not have given credence if they had not been recounted by their Emperor himself.

To sum up the day, it is a disaster equal to our grandest victories; it is Cambyes enveloped in the sands of Ammon; it is Xerxes repassing the Hellespont in a frail boat; it is Varro leading back to Rome the wrecks of the army of Cannes. Of the seventy thousand cavaliers who

had crossed the Niemen, they could scarcely form four companies of one hundred and fifty men each to serve as an escort for Napoleon. It was a consecrated battalion; officers ranked in it as privates, colonels were subordinates, generals were captains. It had a marshal for a colonel, a king for general, and the trust confided to it was an emperor. When you wish to know what became of the rest of the army on those vast steppes, tempered by that heaven of snow which fell on its head, and those lakes of ice which barred them beneath its surface, listen: Generals, officers, soldiers, all were in the same garb and marched confounded; excess of misfortune had caused all rank to disappear; cavalry, artillery, infantry, all were pell-mell. Most of them carried on their shoulders a wallet filled with flour, and bore hanging by their side a canteen or jug; others led by their bridles the shadows of horses, on which were placed kitchen utensils and their wretched provisions. These horses were themselves provisions, and the more precious because they were not obliged to transport them, and because when they fell they furnished food for their masters. One could not wait till they had expired before cutting them up; as soon as they fell they threw themselves on them and stripped off every particle of flesh. The corps of the army were dissolved. There was formed of their remains a multitude of small corporations, composed of eight or ten individuals, who were united to march together, and all of whose resources were common. Many of these coteries had a horse to carry their baggage, cooking utensils, and provisions, or perhaps each of the members was furnished with a sack destined to that use.

These little communities, entirely separated from the general mass, had an isolated mode of existence, and repelled from their league all who did not constitute a part of themselves. Each individual of the mess marched close by the side of the others, and took the greatest care not to be lost in the crowd. Terrible was the misfortune of that one who strayed from his mess. He could find no person who took in him the least interest or who would give him the slightest aid. Every-where he was maltreated and used roughly; they chased him without pity from every fire to which he had no right, and from every place where he attempted to find refuge. He was assailed on every hand till he had rejoined his own mess. Napoleon saw that truly-frightful mass of fugitives and disorganized men pass before his eyes. Let one picture to himself, if it is possible, a hundred thousand unfortunates, their shoulders

loaded with sacks, and they leaning upon long sticks, covered with rags, disposed in the most grotesque manner, swarming with vermin, and delivered up to all the horrors of famine. But to these accouterments, indices of the most frightful miseries, one must join physiognomies depressed under the weight of such misfortunes. One may further picture to himself pale men covered with the dirt of the bivouac, blackened by smoke, their eyes hollow and dim, hair in disorder, beard long and disgusting, and even then one has seen but a feeble tableau of the scenes which this army presents.

We journey painfully, abandoned to ourselves in the midst of snows, on routes scarcely traced, across deserts and immense forests of fir. Here these poor wretches, weakened for a long time by disease and by hunger, succumbed under the weight of their misfortunes and expired in the midst of torments, and a prey to the most violent despair. There one throws himself with fury on any one whom he suspects of having some provisions and snatches them away from him, despite his obstinate resistance and frightful oaths.

On one side is heard the noise arising from the crushing of carcasses which had been before divided up, which horses trampled under their feet, or the wheels of wagons crushed; on the other, cries and groans come up from victims whose strength had failed, and who, lying on the road and struggling with great effort against the most frightful agony, die ten times in awaiting death. Further on groups drew together around the body of a horse, and fought among themselves, contending for the fragments of flesh. While some cut pieces of flesh from the outside, others buried themselves to the middle in the bowels of the horse to tear away the heart and the liver.

On all sides were seen sad figures, frightful, mutilated by freezing; every-where, in a word, consternation, grief, famine, and death. To support the weight of these terrible calamities which fell on our heads it was necessary to be endowed with a soul full of energy and an unconquerable courage. It was indispensable that moral force should increase in proportion to the peril of our surroundings. To permit ourselves to be affected by the consideration of the deplorable scenes of which he was witness would be to condemn oneself; a man had to close his heart to the sentiment of pity. Those who were happy enough to find within themselves a force of reaction sufficient to resist so many and so great misfortunes developed the coldest insensibility and immovable firmness.

In the midst of the horrors by which they

were environed they were seen calm and intrepid, supporting all vicissitudes, braving every danger, and as they saw Death present himself before them under the most hideous forms, they accustom themselves, so to speak, to envisage him without terror. Deaf to the cries of grief, which from all parts resounded in their ears, if any poor wretch succumbed under their eyes, they turned coldly away, and, without exhibiting the least emotion, continued their journey.

Thus these unfortunate victims remained, abandoned in snows, holding themselves up as long as they had any strength, then, falling insensible, they perish without receiving from their companions a word of consolation, without any one feeling the slightest obligation to bear to them the least succor. We march constantly, with measured step, silent, head abased, and do not halt till night closes upon us.

Overcome by fatigue and want, it was necessary still that each one of us should diligently strive to obtain, if not a lodging-place, at least a shelter from the severity of the north wind. They precipitated themselves into the houses, barns, sheds, and all other buildings which they encountered. In a few moments one would be shut in in such a manner that he could neither go in any further nor go out at all. Those who could not get in established themselves on the outside, behind and near the walls. Their first care was to procure wood and some straw for their bivouac; with this design they scaled every house in the vicinity and took away at first the roofs, then, when these were not sufficient, they tore away the joists, garrets, partitions, and finished by demolishing the building entirely, bearing away the pieces, notwithstanding the opposition of those who had taken refuge within, and who defended the premises with all their might.

If one was not driven in this manner from a warm place where he sought an asylum, he ran the risk of being devoured by the flames, for very often when those without could not enter the houses they would set fire to them in order to drive out those who had already made an entrance. This often happened when officers seized these places after driving out the first occupants. It was necessary, then, for one to determine to bivouac instead of lodging in houses which the soldiers had the habit of demolishing from roof to foundation and of carrying the materials to the camps to construct of them isolated sheds. As soon as they were provided as well as the locality would permit with what was necessary to establish the bivouac, fires were kindled, and each member of a mess assisted in preparing the repast.

While some were occupied in cooking the soup, others kneaded the biscuit which will be baked under the ashes. Each one takes from his wallet the slices of meat taken from the carcass of the horse, which he had carefully preserved, and throws them on the coals to roast them.

Soup is the most common nourishment. Now, see what that soup is. As it was impossible to procure water because the ice covered all the springs and every lake, they melted in a pot a sufficient quantity of snow to produce the amount of water which they needed; they afterward mixed with that water, which was black and dirty, a portion of the flour, more or less defiled, which had been provided, and thus they thickened the mixture to the consistence of soup, which they seasoned with salt, or in default of that they threw in two or three cartridges, which, in giving it the taste of powder, took away its extreme insipidity, and colored it with a deep, dark tinge which made it resemble the black soup of the Spartans. While they prepared this porridge they covered the coals with bits of horse-flesh, which they also seasoned with powder. The meal finished, each one lay down to sleep immediately, overcome with fatigue and depressed by the weight of his misfortunes, and the next day began the same kind of life. At daylight, without any military instrument to give the signal of departure, the entire mass rose spontaneously from its bivouac and began its march.

Twenty days passed thus. During these twenty days the army lost on its route 200,000 men, 500 pieces of cannon, when it reached the Bérésina as a torrent does the gulf.

On the 5th of December, while the rest of the army agonized at Wilna, Napoleon, at the instance of the King of Naples, the Viceroy of Italy, and of his principal generals, departed in a train of Smorgoni for France. The cold had then attained twenty degrees below zero.

On the 18th, in the evening, Napoleon presented himself in an old carriage at the gates of the Tuileries, which at first they refused to open to him. Every body still thought he was at Wilna.

On the next day the chief officers of State came to felicitate him on his arrival.

On the 12th of January, 1813, a decree of the Senate placed at the disposition of the Minister of War 350,000 conscripts.

On the 10th of March was published the defection of Prussia. During four months all France was a camp.

On the 15th of April Napoleon left Paris again at the head of his new legions.

On the 1st of May he was at Lutzen, ready

to attack the combined Russian and Prussian army with 250,000 men, of which 200,000 belonged to France and 50,000 were Saxons, Bavarians, Westphalians, Wurtembergians, and from the Grand Duchy of Berg. The giant whom they thought killed had risen up again immediately. Antæus had touched the earth.

As ever before his first strokes were terrible and decisive. The combined armies left on the field of Lutzen 15,000 men in killed and wounded, 2,000 prisoners in the hands of the conquerors. The young recruits were placed at the first stroke on a level with the old troops. Napoleon exposed himself like a second lieutenant.

The next day he addressed to his army the following proclamation:

"SOLDIERS, I am satisfied with you; you have fulfilled my expectations. The battle of Lutzen will be placed above the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and of Moskowa. In a single day you have baffled all the paricidal complots of your enemies. We have thrown back the Tartars into their own frightful climates, which they never ought to leave. Let them remain in their deserts of ice, the sojourn of slavery, barbarism, and corruption, where man is degraded to the level of the brute. You have merited well the commendation of civilized Europe. Soldiers, Italy, France, Germany, render you thanks for these deeds."

The victory of Lutzen reopened to the King of Saxony the gates of Dresden. On the 8th of May the French army preceded him there; on the 9th the Emperor caused a bridge to be built over the Elbe, beyond which the enemy had retired; on the 2d he reaches him and forces him into his intrenched position at Bautzen; on the 21st he continues the victory of the day before, and during these two days, in which Napoleon displayed masterly strategy in his maneuvers, the Russians and the Prussians lost 18,000 men killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners. The next day, in a bad affair with the rear guard, General Bruyere had both legs carried away, and General Kirgenere, chief of engineers, and Duroc, were killed by the same cannon-shot.

The combined army was in full retreat; it crossed the Neisse, the Queiss, and the Bober; was whipped again in the battle of Sprottean, where Sebastian took from him twenty-two cannons, eighty caissons, and five hundred men. Napoleon follows him step by step, and does not give him a moment of relaxation; the enemy's camps of yesterday are his bivouacs to-day.

On the 29th Count Schuwalow, aidecamp of

the Emperor of Russia, and the Prussian General Kleist presented themselves to the advance guard to ask for an armistice.

On the 30th a new conference took place at the Chateau of Leignitz, but led to no result. Austria meditated a change of alliance. In order to remain neutral as long as possible she proposed to be mediatrix, and was accepted. The result of this mediation was an armistice, concluded at Plesswitz on the 4th of June. A congress assembled immediately at Prague to negotiate peace; but peace was impossible. The confederated powers demanded that the empire should be confined to its frontiers, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Meuse. Napoleon regarded these pretensions as an insult. All was broken; Austria passed to the coalition, and the war which could not be brought to an end by that process recommenced.

The adversaries presented themselves anew on the field of battle, the French with 300,000 men, 40,000 of whom were cavalry, occupying the heart of Saxony on the right bank of the Elbe; the allied sovereigns, with 500,000 men, of whom 100,000 were cavalry, were menacing us in three directions, Berlin, Silesia, and Bohemia. Napoleon, without awaiting to calculate the enormous numerical difference, took the offensive with his ordinary rapidity. He divided his army into three masses, threw one on Berlin, where he would operate against the Prussians and the Swedes, left the second stationary at Dresden to observe the Russian army of Bohemia; finally, in person, he marches with the third against Blucher, leaving a reserve at Litten.

Blucher was overtaken and defeated; but in the midst of the chase which he gave his enemies Napoleon learned that the 60,000 Frenchmen whom he had left at Dresden were attacked by 180,000 allies. He detached from his *corps d'armée* 35,000 men. While they think he is in pursuit of Blucher, he arrives at Dresden, rapid as the lightning, deadly as the thunderbolt. On the 29th of August the allies attacked Dresden anew, and were repulsed. On the next day they returned to the charge with all their masses; their masses are shattered, broken in pieces, annihilated. All that army which fights under the eye of Alexander is one instant menaced with total destruction, and can only succeed in saving itself by leaving 40,000 men on the field of battle. It was at that battle that Moreau has both legs carried away by one of the first shots fired by the Imperial Guard and pointed by Napoleon himself.

Then the habitual reaction took place. The next day after that terrible butchery an agent

of the Austrian court presents himself at Dresden the bearer of friendly words. But while the first negotiations are pending they learn that the army of Silesia, which was left in pursuit of Blucher, has lost 25,000 men; that the one which was marching on Berlin has been beaten by Bernadotte; in fine, that almost all the corps of General Vandamme, which pursued the Russians and Austrians with an army of one-third less than theirs, has been overwhelmed by that mass which, stopping a moment in its flight, has recognized the inferiority of its enemy. Thus that famous campaign of 1814, wherein Napoleon would be conqueror wherever he was present, and conquered wherever he was not, began in 1812. At this news the negotiations were broken off.

Napoleon, scarcely recovered from an indisposition, which is believed to be from poisoning, marches immediately on Magdeburg. His intention is to make an attack on Berlin, and, seizing this point, to recross the Elbe at Wittenburg. Many corps have already arrived in that city, when a letter from the King of Wurttemberg announces that Bavaria has changed parties, and that, without any declaration of war, without any premonition, the two armies, Austrian and Bavarian, have encamped on the banks of the Inn reunited; that 80,000 men are under the orders of General De Vrede, and are marching on the Rhine; finally, that Wurttemberg, always constant in heart, in its alliance, but constrained by a like pressure on the other side, has been forced to send there its contingent. In fifteen days 100,000 men will surround Mayence. Austria has given the example of defection, and the example is followed.

The plan of Napoleon meditates two months, for which every thing is disposed; fortresses and magazines are changed in an hour. Instead of throwing the allies between the Elbe and the Saale by maneuvering under the protection of the fortifications and magazines of Torgau, Wittenburg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg, and of fixing the war between the Elbe and the Oder, where the French army possessed Glangan, Custrin, and Stetin, Napoleon decides to fall back on the Rhine.

But before he does this it is necessary to beat the allies in order to render it impossible for them to pursue him in his retreat. So he marches on them instead of flying from them, and on the 16th of October he meets them at Leipsic. The French and the allies find themselves face to face, the French with 157,000 combatants and 600 pieces of cannon, and the allies with 350,000 men and artillery double

ours. The same day they fought eight hours: the French army is victorious; but a *corps d'armée*, which is expected from Dresden to complete the defeat of the enemy, does not come. We slept, nevertheless, on the battle-field.

On the 17th the Russian and Austrian army receive reinforcements. On the 18th it attacks us in turn. During four hours the battle is sustained successfully; but all at once 30,000 Saxons, who occupy one of the most important positions of the line, pass over to the enemy and turn against us sixty cannons. All seems lost; such defection is unheard of; such reverse terrible. Napoleon hastens with half his Guard, attacks the Saxons, chases them before him, retakes a part of his artillery, and fires on them with the guns charged by themselves.

The allies make a retrograde movement. They have lost, in these two days, 150,000 of their best troops. That night we sleep again on the battle-field. The artillery has made the great disproportion to disappear, if it has failed to establish an equilibrium; and a third battle presents itself with all the chances favorable, when it is announced to Napoleon that there remains in the magazines not more than 16,000 cartridges—that we had used 220,000 during the two days' battle. It was necessary to think of a retreat. The results of two victories are lost. We have sacrificed, uselessly, 50,000 men.

At two o'clock in the morning the retrograde movement commenced, and is directed toward Leipsic. The army will retire behind the Elster, in order to find communication with Erfurth, whence it expects munitions, which are now wanting. But the retreat was not conducted so mysteriously that the allied army was not awakened by the noise. It believed at first that it was going to be attacked, and is placed in position. But it soon learns the truth: the French conquerors are retreating; they do not know for what cause, but they profit by the retreat.

At daylight the allies attack the rear guard, and penetrate with it into Leipsic. Our soldiers turn, face the enemy, fight foot to foot, in order to give time to the army to pass the only bridge over the Elster; across which it effects the retreat.

All at once a terrible detonation is heard. All are disquieted; inquire the cause, and learn that a sergeant, without having received the order from his superior, has blown up the bridge. Forty thousand Frenchmen, pursued by two hundred thousand Russians and Austrians, are separated from the army by a rapid river. It is necessary to surrender or be killed. A part drown themselves, others bury them-

selves under the rubbish of the *faubourg de Ranstad*.

On the 2d the French army arrives at Weissenfels, and begins to understand itself. Prince Poniatowski, Generals Vial, Dumontier, and Rochambeau are drowned, or killed; the Prince of Moskowa, the Duke of Raguse, General Souham, Compans, Latour-Maubourg, and Friedrichs are wounded; Prince Emile de Danusadt, Count de Hochberg, Generals Lauriston, Delmas, Rozniecki, Krasinski, Valory, Bertrand, Dorsenne, d'Etyke, Colomy, Bronikowski, Sinowitz, Malahowski, Rantenstranch, and Stockholm are prisoners; we have left in the Elster and in the *faubourgs* of the city, 10,000 dead, 15,000 prisoners, 150 pieces cannon, and 500 carriages. Of those who remained of the troops of the confederation the most deserted in crossing from Leipsic to Weissenfels. At Erfurth, where it arrived on the 23d, the French army was reduced to its own strength of about 80,000 men.

On the 28th, arriving at Schluchtern, Napoleon obtains positive information of the movements of the Austro-Bavarian army. It has made forced marches, and has reached the Mein. On the 3d the French army met it in line of battle before Hanan, and intercepting the road to Frankfort. It passed, despite the enemy, killing 6,000 men, and crossing the Rhine on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November.

On the 9th Napoleon is on the return to Paris. Here defections still pursue him. From the outside they extend to the center. After Russia, Germany; after Germany, Italy; after Italy, France. The battle of Hanan had given place for new conferences. Baron de Saint Aignan, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode, and Lord Aberdeen had come together at Frankfort. Napoleon could obtain peace by abandoning the Confederation of the Rhine, renouncing Poland and the Department of the Elbe. France would remain in its natural limits, the Alps and the Rhine. Then they would fix for Italy a frontier which would separate her from the house of Austria.

Napoleon subscribed to these conditions, and caused to be placed under the eyes of the Senate and of the Legislature the propositions relating to negotiations, declaring that he was disposed to make the sacrifices demanded.

The legislative corps, discontented because Napoleon had imposed on them a president with the presentation of a candidate, named a commission of five members to examine these acts. These five judges, known for their opposition to the imperial system, were Messieurs. Lainé, Gallois, Flaugergues, Raynouard, and Maine de Birau. They issued an address, in

which they reuttered, after eleven years of silence, the words of freedom. Napoleon tore the address to pieces, and sent it back to the legislative corps. During this time the true intention of the allied sovereigns became apparent, in the midst of their deceitful protocols. They only wished, as at Prague, to gain time. They broke anew their conferences, indicating an approaching conference at Chatillon-sur-Seine. It was at the same time a defiance and an insult. Napoleon accepted the one and prepared to avenge the other. On the 25th of January, 1814, he left Paris, committing his wife and his son to the protection of the National Guard.

The Empire was invaded at all points. The Austrians advanced into Italy; the English had passed the Bidassoa and appeared on the summit of the Pyrenees; Schwarzenberg, with the grand army, 150,000 strong, debouched by Switzerland; Blucher had entered Frankfort with 130,000 Prussians; Bernadotte had invaded Holland and penetrated into Belgium, with 100,000 Swedes and Saxons. Seven hundred thousand men, educated by their defeats in the grand Napoleonic school, advanced toward the heart of France, neglecting all strong points, and responding to one another by one single cry, Paris! Paris!

Napoleon alone stood against the world. He had scarcely 150,000 men to oppose these immense masses. But he found again, if not the confidence, the genius of his earlier years: the campaign of 1814 will be his *chef-d'œuvre* of strategy. With a glance he beholds all, comprehends all; and, as much as is possible for man, prepares for every event.

Maison is ordered to stop Bernadotte in Belgium; Augereau will march before the Austrians to Lyons; Soult will keep the English behind the Loire; Eugene will defend Italy; for himself, he will charge Blucher and Schwarzenberg. He throws himself between them with 60,000 men; hurries from one army to the other; beats Blucher at Champ Aubert, Montmirail, Chateau-Thierry, and at Montereau. In ten days Napoleon has gained five victories, and the allies have lost 90,000 men.

Then new negotiations take place at Chatillon-sur-Seine; but the allied sovereigns are more and more exacting, and propose conditions more unacceptable. There was nothing left but the demand that Napoleon should abandon his conquests; that it was necessary to exchange the limits of the Republic for those of the ancient Monarchy.

Napoleon responded by one of those lion springs which were common to him. He bounded from Mery-sur-Seine to Craone; from Craone

to Rheims; from Rheims to St. Dizier. Wherever he encountered the enemy he drove, overwhelmed, crushed them. But behind him the enemy re-formed, and, always conquered, advanced always.

Wherever Napoleon is not, his fortune is absent. The English have entered into Bordeaux; the Austrians occupy Lyons; the Belgian army, united to the remains of Blucher's army, reappear in his rear. His generals are dead, inactive, wearied. Bedizened with badges, loaded with titles, glutted with gold, they did not wish to fight any more. Three times the Prussians, whom he thinks he holds at his mercy, escape him. The first time, on the left bank of the Marne, by a sudden frost which hardened the mire, in the midst of which they would have perished; the second time on the Aisne, by the surrender of Soissons, which opened to them a passage in front just when they could not have fallen back; finally at Craone, by the negligence of the Duke of Raguse, who permitted himself to lose a part of his supplies by a surprise at night. All these omens did not escape Napoleon, who felt that, despite his efforts, France escaped from his hands. Without hoping to preserve a throne, he wished, nevertheless, to obtain a tomb; and did, unavailingly, all that he could to find death at Arcis-sur-Aube and at St. Dizier. He had made a truce with bullets and balls.

On the 29th of March he received at Troyes, when he was pursuing Wintzingerode, the news that the Prussians and Russians were marching with serried columns on Paris. He departed immediately, arrived on the 1st of April at Fontainebleau, and learned that Marmont had capitulated the day before at five o'clock in the evening, and that since the morning the allies occupied the capital.

Three resources remained. He had still under his orders 50,000 soldiers, the bravest and the most devoted in the universe. It was a question whether those who commanded them were true; whether the old generals, who had every thing to lose, ought not to be replaced by young colonels who had every thing to gain. At his voice—still powerful—the population would revolt. But, then, Paris was sacrificed; the allies would burn it in retiring; and there were no people but the Russians who would be willing to be saved by that means.

The second was to gain Italy, rallying the 25,000 men of Augereau, the 18,000 of General Grenier, the 15,000 of Marshal Suchet, and the 40,000 of Marshal Soult. But that course would not lead to any result. France would be still occupied by the enemy, and the greatest misfortunes would result from that occupation.

The third course remained to retire beyond the Loire, and carry on partisan warfare. The allies determined these doubtful questions by declaring that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to a general peace. That declaration left but two resources: To die like Hannibal—to descend from the throne like Scylla. They say he attempted the first—the poison of Cabanis was powerless. Then he decided to recur to the second; and on a scrap of paper, now lost, he wrote these lines, the most important, perhaps, that mortal hands had ever traced:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to the reestablishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy; for there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life, which he is not ready to make for France."

During a year the world seemed void.

VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

XXXIII.

SHALL UNIVERSAL WINTER REIGN AT LAST?

WE turn now to the signs of danger approaching from another direction. Every reader is acquainted with the doctrine of the earth's gradual refrigeration. Hurling from the sun as a globe of molten matter, caloric was rapidly radiated into surrounding space, till a solid crust had formed upon the exterior. By degrees the process of cooling reached a point at which the heated vapor floating in the murky air began to condense and descend in rain. An ocean fell from the clouds. Continued cooling and contraction ruptured the crust, and poured the ocean into the glowing furnace within. The recital of the phenomena of this period belongs to another theme. Refrigeration continued from age to age. The ocean gathered itself wherever its bed could be found, and from age to age was driven from quarter to quarter. Thousands of feet of sediment were laboriously and patiently gathered from towering cliffs, and rugged ridges, and granite islands, and strewed over the ocean depths—the materials of miles of solid rock. Then the humble sea-weed waved in the brine. Then the lowly zoöphyte, first of animal forms, ventured upon the desert earth. Afterward, in succession, came the *Lingula*, the Trilobite, and the Orthoceratite. Then a dreadful catastrophe of nature swept them from being; and their forms, and their very existence, are known to-day

only by searching among their tombs. Prolific nature, after a pause, repopulated the seas with other forms, and again buried them beneath another sheet of the world's history—which we roll up to-day and peruse with never-tiring delight. Thus, from epoch to epoch, extinction trod upon the heels of creation. Islands grew to continents—continents joined their hands and became one. Meantime the temperature of the once glowing earth was continuing to subside. Changes and improvements innumerable were wrought all over its surface. At last the grand preparation was consummated, and a mandate introduced our first parents to a human life, as novel then as the creation of a world—to-day the center of all our daily hopes and anxieties. Thousands of years have since elapsed, and the globe is still growing cold beneath our feet. And what should prevent it? Surrounded by space at a temperature of fifty or sixty degrees below zero, what cause can be assigned for a suspension of that law by which caloric tends ever to an equilibrium of temperature? What shall arrest the operation of this law before the equator is as frigid as the pole?—the earth's core as solid as its crust?—the rivers like streams of ancient lava?—the sea like a bed of granite? Picture it. The last generation is upon the earth. For ages the rigor of polar Winter has been creeping steadily and relentlessly toward the equator. The pale, diminished populations are crowded along the tropical belt. Frost binds the fields for three-fourths of the year. A scanty subsistence mocks the starving, shivering race. The last dire famine is at hand. Unyielding Winter refuses to relinquish the soil to the plow. The last crop is consumed, and fate stares remorselessly in the wan face of the pitiful remnant of humanity. The last voice is still. Beasts, birds, and human corpses strew the waste empire of frost, and the curtain falls upon the drama of human existence.

XXXIV.

THE SUN COOLING OFF.

Does the reader think the picture fanciful and impossible? Does he imagine the solar heat will forever insure us from a fatal degree of refrigeration? He reserves the race for a fate of twofold horror. Can it be supposed that the law by which caloric seeks its equilibrium holds in subjection all terrestrial things and the earth itself, and does not equally extend its sway to the center of light and heat of the solar system? What is the great sun but an immense mass of intensely-heated matter? What is the heat which he disseminates like infinite beneficence itself through all the planetary spaces

but so much caloric subtracted from his temperature? By what material law shall he be prevented from cooling like a mass of molten iron? It is inconsistent with the nature of matter that such a heat should not expend itself. And if the great orb is thought to be in a *blaze* it is impossible that such a tremendous conflagration should not end in cinders and ashes like all other fires. Do you assert that the great central fire is gathering fuel from all the vast fields of the domain he shines upon? Or do you surmise, with Newton, that the unbridled comet goes freighted with a train of fuel behind his locomotive for the resuscitation of the languishing fires of solar orbs? Alas! we only know that the sun dispenses his resources without ever replenishing his stock. Light and heat in infinite abundance stream from all his sides. Planets themselves have leaped from his fiery billows and joined the common dance around the parent center. The comet bears no fuel for other fires, but, sweeping with tantalizing proximity to our waning orb, accelerates its speed and flies contemptuously past to mock the necessities of some other sun.

The conviction is irresistible that the great source of light and heat must eventually become exhausted. We shall not carefully measure the intensity of his rays from day to day, nor from year to year, lest we be able to discover his waning strength. The embers of a bonfire will furnish warmth for the lifetime of an ephemeron. A cooling lava-stream consumes a hundred years in its refrigeration. In a mass so inconceivably vast as the sun ages are seconds. Let him cool as rapidly as the laws of caloric will permit, and the lifetime of a man—nay, the lifetime of a race—will not suffice to detect any material diminution of his force. But the great sun is inevitably cooling. He is destined to become a cold and blackened mass. We know not where his rays are gathered up. They go into the cold and gloomy places of the universe. They are mingling and expending themselves in the great impotential counterbalance of nature's forces, which is growing up from age to age.

Does the reader still hope for perpetual warmth, when the heart of the earth is chilled? Should our race survive the total refrigeration of the earth? The final Winter which we have depicted will be Winter and midnight in alliance. Such an exit of humanity from the stage of being will realize the horrors of Byron's dream twice told:

"The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth

Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Morn came and went, and came, and brought no day;
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watchfires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons. Cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face.

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them. She was the universe."

XXXV.

THE MACHINERY OF THE HEAVENS RUNNING DOWN.

In a previous article we have pointed out some of the symptoms of senescence which science detects in the system of the world. We have traced the movements of events pushed forward by the laws of matter, and find that they point to periods in the evolutions of the earth and planets. We have compassed the interval grasped by the duration of a world. We have mastered the fact of its beginning and its end. We have uncovered the page on which is written the destiny of the sun himself. We know that he has his appointed time, and that God alone is ever living, ever active.

The destiny of the earth and planets is written upon still another page of the book of Nature. From far off in the cold starlight of the firmament come the tidings of friction in the machinery of the heavens. The earth may hang exactly poised between centrifugal and centripetal forces; and, for aught we know, might move forever in her appointed orbit, despite the revolutions which visit her surface, were there no extraneous forces persistently worrying her from her path. But the comets have brought us intelligence of a subtle, all-pervading ether through which they have to plow their way. This opposes their centrifugal flight, and causes the centripetal tendency to preponderate. They are drawn nearer the sun, their motions are accelerated, and they return from their long journeyings sooner than the appointed time. That which opposes the progress of the filmy comet can resist the movement of the ponderous planet. That which urges the one by sensible degrees toward the sun must influence the other to some extent, however insensible.

Thus the solar system contains within it the seeds of its own destruction. We wake into being at a particular moment in the moving procession of events. What has been we know not. If we have lived before, and

"Our life is but a sleep and a forgetting,"

the dark shadow of mortality passes over the page which records the knowledge of our pre-existence. We look about us and behold the footprints of the mighty agencies of nature. The work which is accomplished is around us. Again, we look, and lo! the mighty agencies are engaged in their occupation before our very eyes. What is the nature of their work? Precisely the same as it seems to have been for ages past. What must be its result? Such as we have endeavored to depict. The mountains and continents will be transported to the seas. The briny waves will swallow all. All men will have waked again from their lifetime slumber and obliviousness. A chill will seize the earth. Frost will creep through every crevice, and petrify river, and lake, and ocean stream. The sun will grow feeble with age, and his bright eye will be dimmed by the shadows of approaching dissolution. Death will come at last; and when the hoary and senescent earth wearies with plodding through the all-pervading ether, speedily will she yield to the mandate of her parent sun, and return to the orb from whose bosom, uncounted ages before, she had whirled forth on her swift career with all the gayety of a bride. Planet after planet will wind up its career in similar style, and plunge precipitately into the common mass. All that will remain of the whirling machinery of our system will be a frozen, blackened, dead, and motionless globe of matter.

Shall we dare to follow imagination further? Or does philosophy bear us on a further flight? Astronomy calls every star a sun, and provokes us to believe that every sun is attended by his retinue of planetary daughters. Astronomy assures us that the grand assemblage of suns, which we call our firmament, is but a solar system on a larger scale, and that, by common consent, they describe their rounds about an appointed center. The daring astronomer would lead us even further; for geologists are not the only extravagant men in the ranks of science. Beyond the limits of the remotest stars—those sentinels which guard the outer confines of the constellated firmament which night reveals to our wondering eyes—is an immeasurable void. The telescope feels its way through ranks of suns which shine along the path that leads us to that desert space; and there, with its ample powers, unfolds to us a scene of blankness and blackness

which reigns in the unpopulated and impenetrable realms beyond. But, lo! here and there, like a thin veil of mist upon the dark sky that embraces the ocean of immensity before us, hangs a luminous vapor. The astronomer ventures to assure us that this is another firmament of stars like our own—a city of blazing suns, each, perhaps, with all the complicated relations of our solar orb.

Is there any chain of sympathy between that distant settlement and our own? Has Omnipotence worked with the same materials there as here? Do the subtle fibers of gravitation weave those vapory systems into a common web with ours? We have learned enough of the constitution of the sun and planets, and the ubiquity of the laws of terrestrial matter, to compel us to admit the probability that a common destiny hangs over the entire area.

The dust of our streets, then, is a part of the connected whole. The mandate which gathers together the materials of one system must be enforced in another. Every sun must call home its wandering planets; and the whole retinue of suns must gradually gravitate toward a common center. Not only this, but firmaments of suns must join each other in a last embrace. The worlds upon the farthest verge of the material universe must report themselves at the center of gravity of the common mass.

O, who can calculate the ages which must elapse before this grand cosmical round shall be completed? What is a million of years in the almanac of nature? The boldest imagination is timid in undertaking a flight so vast. The idea mocks at all the adjectives which language can furnish for its expression. It stands alone before the mind, oppressive and bewildering—unuttered and unutterable. The precipitation of the planetary masses upon their several suns is the antecedent of the gathering of the suns. Before the planets can be thrown upon the sun, a subtle ether, thin as a thought, must continue to contend against the moving orbs, till their immense momentum in a tangential direction has been completely destroyed. The sun may have cooled before this is accomplished. Long before the cooling of the sun, the earth, whose temperature has not diminished one-seventeenth of a degree in 2,000 years, must have become a frigid mass. We have thus subdivided the immense interval till we obtain the fraction which expresses the *sum* of the *æons* of the geologist. We may suppose the process of the earth's refrigeration to-day to be half completed. The incalculable ages of the earth's past history, then, measure the first term in the series of evolutions which the mighty future is destined to unfold.

BEGGING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"WELL, if I must go into the Tinkham neighborhood Timothy must go with me," I said to myself. Timothy offered no objections. It is now but a few more rides we can take together at best; a few days and I shall be left alone with the dropping Autumn leaves.

As we drove out of the town into the "green gloom" of the pines my heart danced for joy. O, the comfort of flying away from those murderous guns, those mournful flags, those solemn drums! It is sad to have one's ears so full of drums! For a contrast, the babbling of brooks is sweet music. So whenever there appeared an unusually sprightly waterfall our horse, "Don Carlos," was sure to stop, knowing we were in no hurry, and Timothy always watered him as carefully as a tender flower.

"Who lives here?" asked he as we drew near a neat farm-house which was sunning itself on the slope of a hill.

"I do n't know particularly," said I, "though of course it is a Tinkham, either by birth or by marriage. Can I go into this house begging? My heart is in my mouth."

"Is this the President of the Ladies' Knitting Circle, the Inspector-General of knitting-needles? and has she no more courage?" said Timothy. "Remember, your country calls."

"Do n't you laugh at me," said I, as he handed me out. "You soldiers may be very brave, but you do n't have to face the enemy alone."

With that I knocked at the door and got a little green paint on my glove. Timothy stood at the gate gazing at the clothes-line glistening with white clothes and bristling with clothes-pins. An old lady came to the door, knitting as she walked.

"How do you do, madam?" said I very anxiously.

"Pretty well, ma'am; I hope I see you well. Lawful suz! you're 'Squire Eaton's darter, as true as the world! Won't you come in and stop awhile? Family well?"

"I can't think of going in, thank you; I've only come begging."

"Dew tell!"

Then I went on to explain that we ladies had been getting up a knitting-circle to supply socks for the soldiers. What we wanted was yarn, or if not yarn, money would answer.

"Like enough," responded madam. "What news do you get from the war nowadays?"

I answered her as briefly as possible. "And have you any yarn to spare?"

"Well, I do n't know; Nancy, she expects me to find yarn for her and hers, and Daniel, he looks to have me provide for him, and I tell 'em they seem to calculate, all on 'em, as if we was made of sheep. Now, I've just got a pair of feeling set up for the old gentleman. I do n't know but my needles are too small. I declare for 't, I'd ought to ha' took up twenty-eight on one and thirty-two on two. I tell 'em"—

"Do you say you can spare any yarn?"

I saw Timothy's eyes twinkling, though he appeared to be gazing very steadily at an array of pumpkins.

"Well, I don't know what to say. He's gone, but I don't s'pose that would make a grain of difference; he always tells me not to ask him. He's gone 'up to the corner' to see about sellin' a yellin' steer."

"Ahem! It seems a privilege to do something for our brave soldiers."

"Well, of course. Is that man at the gate one of 'em? Seems to me I've heard tell you was engaged. Hope it's a love-match?"

I rubbed the green paint into my glove.

"O, you need n't say any thing. I understand, if I be an old woman. I guess you'll like him well enough to use him well."

"I am sorry to keep you standing so long, Mrs. Tinkham; but will you please tell me about the yarn?"

"Well, I don't know. Do n't the Guvment supply them things? They'd ought to, we pay taxes enough. It's robbing Peter to pay Paul. I tell 'em"—

"I do n't wish to urge the matter, Mrs. Tinkham. If you do n't feel disposed to give any thing I won't detain you longer. Good-morning!"

"Well, good-day. I hope you'll stop longer next time. I feel as if I was well acquainted with you, for I know all about your folks."

We did not laugh till we were out of hearing.

"This is what I call making haste slowly," said Timothy.

At the next house my courage nearly gave way, for the woman who came to the door had a brow written all over with frowns.

"I called to see if I could beg a little yarn for soldiers' socks?"

"Soldiers, is it, this time? Well, if it ain't one thing it's another. It's very singular to me that there's hardly a day but somebody with nothing better to do is round with a *pre-scription* of some kind or description. They'd

extricate your eye-teeth if you'd let 'em. I'm sick of foreign missions. The duty of Christians begins to home, 'to visit the widows and fatherless in afflictions, keeping yourself unspotted in the world.'

"You left at the right time," said Timothy, as I came back to the carriage. "When the enemy throws up an embankment of Scripture it's time to retreat."

At the next house the door was opened to me by a man with watery eyes and a peculiar smile which reminded me of sunlight sparkling on a glass of cider.

"You're on a glorious enterprise," cried he. "It stirs the deep-rooted fountains of the soul to think of the sufferings of them are soldiers."

"Only yarn enough for one pair of socks," pleaded I, anxious to return to our sheep.

"O, my countrymen! my countrywomen!" continued the orator with increased fervor, "what would I not do for you in this hour of doom! How it swells the waves of grief that nestle in the heart! But my wife's sick abed; can't you call again? You'll always find James Dakin ready to respond to the needs of my country. Yes, I would freely give my last dollar for the support of the American eagle!"

"O dear," said I as we rode on, "if I had only known that Jim Dakin lived in that house I might have saved myself the trouble of going in."

"His language is highly ornamented," said Timothy. "He deals in what one may call the 'paper flowers' of rhetoric."

"He is a cabinet-maker," rejoined I; "still I do n't think he knows how to dovetail his metaphors together very well."

"My poor soldiers may go barefooted in spite of me," sighed I as I alighted before the next house. But when I saw dear old lady Bell my hopes revived. She is one of those good souls whose benevolence takes the form of pity. She pities every living thing, seeming to feel that the mere fact of existence is in itself deplorable. She never asked me "why Government did n't supply these things." It was, "Bless your heart, child, I'll divide with you." Whereupon she brought out her stocking-bag and poured its contents into a chair, selecting for me three pairs of nice gray socks.

"I hardly like to take so many," said I; "let me pay you for one pair at least."

"No, my dear, not a cent," said the good woman. "To be sure, I have sprained my wrist, and when I can knit any more I do n't know; but my men-folks won't suffer. Do you suppose a mother that's got a son in the army can think of the cold Winter coming and not want

to do something for the dear boys that are fighting for us?" She took off her spectacles to wipe them. "No. I think if our men must go off and risk their precious lives for their country, poor things, it's the least we women can do to see 'em made comfortable. I suppose that young man out by the gate is young lawyer Palmer, ain't it? I heard he'd enlisted. May the Lord fetch him back to you safe and sound, Louisa!"

I pressed her hand, but did not trust myself to speak. When I reached the carriage with my socks Timothy noticed the falling tears.

"What has that woman been saying to you, Louisa? I protest you've been subjected to insults enough from these people."

"This is a dear old lady," said I; "she was only talking to me about her boy in the army, and—and—. There, do n't you speak to me yet awhile, Timothy."

There were a few ladies in the neighborhood like good Mrs. Bell; but for the most part I met with rebuffs more or less decided. One woman of whom I carried away chiefly the remembrance of a huge lava breastpin, which made me think of a premature gravestone, informed me that "he had gone to Californy, and she and her daughter together had dug unknown quantities of potatoes this year. Was it any ways likely they had time to work for soldiers?"

One man told me to go to the abolitionists if I wanted any wool! Another man assured me that he was saving his money against a sorer time of need. "As he looked at it the State of Maine would have to be supplied before long with a picket-guard against Queen Victo-ry," by which I think he meant some kind of a fence.

Some went through a whole litany of complaints and excuses; others answered me in sentences as concise as telegraphic dispatches.

"I'm both amazed and ashamed," said I to Timothy, "to think that people not ten miles from my own door can be so selfish and so ignorant."

"I have faith to believe you have set them to thinking," said Timothy, willing to console me.

"Faith," said I, laughing, "is the evidence of things unseen, is n't it? For instance, that patient halter which is waiting for Jeff Davis's neck."

"Here we are within a mile of town in spite of ourselves," said Timothy, "and, of course, Don Carlos is expecting a drink."

"Here am I going home with only five pairs of socks," sighed I. "Is that worth a ride of twenty miles? I'm afraid I'm not a natural

beggar. What is to be done? I'm really disappointed."

"What is to be done? Why, follow the plan for such cases made and provided. Beg money enough from the gentlemen to get your yarn. Set all the knitting-needles in the village to clicking and the deed is done. Now, Louisa, do n't feel so disheartened," added he gently, seeing that my overwrought feelings were about to culminate in tears.

"Do n't say a word, Timothy, please do n't. I was only wondering whether these cold-hearted people we have seen to-day would ever have the horrors of this strife brought home to them as they are to me. The war yawns like that old gulf in Rome. It is n't enough that I should cast into it my only brother, but they call on me to drop in you, also, you, my Curtius."

"And you will do it without quailing, Louisa. When I went before you had the heart of a Spartan woman; it will come back to you again."

"God grant it," said I. "I will never make your duty harder if I can help it. You men have courage, you know, but do n't *we* have fortitude? We poor women! We every one of us bear an invisible banner in our hearts, and on it is inscribed in blood, 'Fortitude and Faith.'"

POETRY AND HER PRIESTS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

WITH form divine—and beautiful as those
Who have not felt the blighting power of sin,
Those whom we angels call—she walks the earth,
So soft and stealthily, her footfall has
No sound to penetrate the dull domain
Of mortal hearing.

Yet by closest care
We sometimes catch sweet echoes of the songs
She sings while passing to and fro throughout
Her kingdom; and o'er all the earth the paths
She treads, or light, or dark, or smooth, or rough
Before, are left teeming with life and beauty.
She folds the soft, blue drapery of clouds
Back from the stars at night-time, till they flash,
And throb, and palpitate with anthems too
Ethereal for ears of clay.

She moves
Her pencil o'er the flowers, and blushing tints,
Born of all colors, wake, in characters
Unknown to us, songs of artistic rhythm.
She breathes upon the crystal streams, and their
Mute tongues break out in rippling melody.
The waves, moved by her influence, come to chant
Their mighty diapasons, and the winds,
Stirr'd by the incessant flutter of her robes,
Breathe fitful lyrics o'er the list'ning earth.
Birds catch the warble from her lips, and here

And there her startling intonations rouse
The slumb'ring chords, and wake to wondrous power
Of utterance some human heart.

As if
Man's senses were etherealized by pain,
And the mind's organism grew refined
By suffering—oftenest those around whom night
Has gathered early, hear, like Samuel,
A voice bidding them rise and consecrate
Their life to her sweet ministrations. Thought,
Feeling, sight, and sound, at once like harp-strings
Tuned to thrill beneath the slightest pressure,
Take up their life-work, and become as true
Interpreters of the Invisible.
Not those who clamor for the tinsel'd trash
Of earth, for pleasure, wealth, or fame may be
Her oracles; nor those who seek for ease,
But they who, taken captive by her charms,
With sternest self-renunciation, lay
Their all of sensual good—a meager sum
Compared with rich gifts—upon the altar.
Once made the Goddess' mitered priests, and pain,
And grief, and poverty, handmaids become,
With golden keys to open wide the gates
Through which their feet are privileged to pass
Into the temple of the beautiful.
Thence, gathering precious flowers of faith, and hope,
And courage, come they with a thoughtful mien
Aside from the vast multitude to strew
Them, wet with tears, upon the rugged paths
Of common life.

HIS GRAVE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

ON the green hill-side by the lake's clear bed,
Where the lithe hedge-willows keep
Their guard by the couches of the dead,
We have laid him down to sleep.
We have brought to cover his pulseless breast
The soft green turf of the dell,
To grace with its verdure sweet the rest
Of the friend we have loved so well.
No towering column doth speak his praise;
But the marble laurel wreath,
With its shining buds and its pendent sprays,
Droops over the text beneath.
He needs no sculpture to tell his fame,
For deep in the hearts of men,
In letters of light, is traced his name,
Engraved with a deathless pen.
The glistening marble which marks the spot
Will crumble away and fall;
It will find at last but the common lot—
The ruin that comes to all.
Yet the lightest grain of the sacred dust
That we place beneath this sod
Will the great Jehovah keep in trust;
It is safe in the hands of God.
O, glorious hope! There is light, sweet light
On the hills and the azure wave;
But it pales by the radiance beaming bright
O'er the Christian's lowly grave.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Sabiurk.

SMALL CONSOLATIONS.—“*Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there any secret thing with thee?*” Job xv, 11.

The real test of religious character is trial. The world would have known but little of the moral stamina of Job had it never seen him in the crucible. His character, coming out of the fiery ordeal like pure gold, all the brighter in its luster and all the nobler in its purity, naturally challenges our admiration. That loveliest of all physical objects, the rainbow, never arches the heavens but when the cloud, rain, and sunshine are commingling; the rose, queen of flowers, never yields a richer fragrance than when it is severely pressed. So with the genuinely good man; opposition and trial but expand and beautify the virtues and excellences of his character.

Job's three friends, come from afar to comfort him, wrongly interpreted the Divine providence in his severe afflictions; hence the impropriety of the questions propounded to him by Eliphaz in the text. It was taken for granted by them that the heavy strokes of God's providence, then falling upon him, were in punishment for some secret sin of which he had been guilty. But in this they wronged Job, since we have Heaven's indorsement of his piety in the announcement that he was a perfect man, one that feared God and eschewed evil. The text, although not pertinent to Job's case, is, nevertheless, applicable to thousands in the Church of the present day. We observe, first, that

I. THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD ARE NOT NECESSARILY SMALL WITH ANY OF HIS CHILDREN.

1. *This is evident from the positive teaching of his Word.* Take the following Scriptures: “Happy is that people whose God is the Lord;” “Great peace have all they that keep thy law, and nothing shall offend them;” “These words have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.”

2. *It is evident also from the glorious provisions made for our happiness in redemption.* “That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us;” “And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;” “And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that you might be filled with all the fullness of God.”

3. *It is evident, lastly, from the recorded experience of the Bible saints.* Moses exclaims in the spiritual gladness of his soul, “The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation!” David, in the joy of his heart, breaks out, “Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides

thee!” Isaiah's soul burns with holy fire as he sings, “O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortedst me.” Paul rapturously exclaims, “We have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.” The consolations of God are, from these considerations, not necessarily small with any of his children. On the contrary, so far as his arrangements for our happiness are concerned, “Our peace may flow like a river and our righteousness abound as the waves of the sea.”

We remark, secondly, that

II. WHERE THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD ARE SMALL WITH ANY OF HIS CHILDREN, SOME SECRET THING WITH THEM IS THE CAUSE.

David prayed, “Cleanse thou me from secret faults.” Why he thus prayed he tells us in the expressive words: “If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.” It may not be unprofitable to glance at some secret things which have made and still are making the consolations of God small with multitudes of professing Christians.

1. *Many do not serve God from right motives.* This Satan boldly charged in Job's case, maintaining that it was easy for him to serve God when his providence had so enlarged and hedged him about with the good things of this life. In this Satan slandered Job, as the result of his fiery trial conclusively proved. Job's three friends made the same argument in the case. They did not even scruple to lay the charge of hypocrisy at the door of his character. But they lived long enough to see how falsely they had judged the good man of Uz.

The motive in religion is every thing. If a man is a member of the Church simply because he promotes his worldly interests by it, he is the basest of hypocrites; but if he serves God in sincerity and truth, then is he an “Israelite in whom there is no guile.” “God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance; but the Lord looketh on the heart.” Unless there is the felt conviction that we are in all things striving to please God by doing and suffering his will, our motives are not right, and our consolations are of necessity small indeed.

2. *Many are too much absorbed in the mere externals of religion, while they are indifferent to the power of godliness.* The former is not unimportant, but the latter is absolutely essential. Christ drew the distinction between the formalities and the spirituality of religion when he said to the captious Jews, “Ye pay tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done and not to leave the

other undone." They were attentive enough to the forms, but they lacked the vital power of religion; hence the Savior reminded them of what Isaiah had said of their ancestors in his day, so applicable to them, "This people draweth nigh to me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." True religion is a life and an experience, the power of which we must realize and feel in the heart. Job had "the root of the matter in him;" for he could say in the deep, precious experiences of his heart, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The reason why so few are happy in religion—why small instead of large consolations is the portion of thousands in Zion—is because they lack the higher life and deeper experience of God in their souls.

3. *Many restrain prayer before God.* This was another charge brought against Job by his friends. They intimate that publicly he was very ceremonious in the duties of religion, but that privately he was indifferent to prayer. In this they slandered a piety that should have rebuked them into silence. It is likely they would have been more charitable themselves had they been as true to secret prayer as Job. One thing is certain, they were right in connecting all true happiness, all religious consolation, with prayer; though they were wrong in supposing Job was deficient in the performance of that duty. The consolations of God are never larger or more precious than when the soul is in communion with God. Restraining prayer before God is the cause of small enjoyments to thousands in the Church of Christ.

4. *Many rarely devote sufficient time to the inspection of their hearts.* David found self-inspection necessary to his enjoyment in the divine life: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see whether there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting;" "Examine yourselves," counseled Paul, "whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."

"'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

We have thus glanced at some of the secret causes of small consolations among professing Christians. We have seen that God is anxious to confer all possible spiritual good upon his children. He has made provision in the covenant of his grace for the largest possible happiness to his people. If any, therefore, have "small consolations," it becomes them to look after the cause. All such will find it in themselves. May we ask, reader, how is it with you personally? Let us press upon you the two inquiries of the text in their relation to each other. "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" If your answer is in the negative, we leave you with the question, "Is there any secret thing with thee?" F. S. C.

GOLD AND ITS LESSONS.—"Gold tried in the fire." Rev. iii, 18.

Gotthold observed: Gold is the noblest of the metals, pure and fine, tried in the fire, soft, and easily wrought. It is also more ductile than any other sort of ore, and emits a fainter sound beneath the stroke of the hammer. And, even so, do thou labor to have a pure and gentle heart. Be not offended with the blessed cross, which is our God's purgatorial fire, the means by which

the heart's natural wildness may be purged away. Be pitiful, kind, and peaceable. Stretch your will to the utmost in the service of the needy. Learn also to be patient and dumb when the Most High beats you with the hammer of affliction, and be assured that this will do you good.

THE DISPUTED AND THE UNDISPUTED WILLS.—"A surety of a better testament." Heb. vii, 22.

Gotthold had to do with a will in which his family were concerned, and which caused him all kinds of trouble and inconvenience. Conversing on the subject with an influential friend he said: It is much to be deplored that that equity for which the widow prayed is now no longer to be found, and that, as the Scriptures express it, "judgment is turned to wormwood, and righteousness cast to the ground." Amos v, 7, Luth. Vers. Gentlemen of the law appear to me, for the most part, to be like persons wandering in a forest, who have become so perplexed among the bushes and brakes that they can no longer find their way out. What sort of grapes they gather from the thorns, and figs from the thistles, it is easy to conceive.

There is, however, another Testament, about which I shall concern myself more; I mean that which the Savior wrote shortly before his decease, and in which he nominated believers his heirs. He had never either cared or sought for temporal things, and became at last so poor as not to have even a coat; and, therefore, he could not bequeath to them wealth. All he possessed was his cross, his thorny crown, his blood, his Holy Spirit, his sweet consolations, and his loving heart. These, therefore, he has left to us; and I rejoice in the bequest. Satan would fain dispute the will; but it is well attested, and I have already entered into possession of the property.

THE TWO LUTES.—Gotthold hearing two well-tuned lutes sounding in the distance experienced a high delight, and said to a friend who accompanied him: I am not at all surprised that when Elisha was about to prophesy he called for a minstrel—2 Kings iii, 15—for God's noble gift of music has a wondrous power to illumine and exhilarate the human mind. It is, however, much to be deplored that this, like other creatures of God, has been made subject to vanity, not willingly, and compelled to minister to the carnal pleasure of the luxurious and the worldly. Let it also remind us of the vital power inherent in the Word of God, which may well also be compared to a well-tuned lute, considering the perfect accordance of the Old Testament with the New, and of each book with itself and with all the rest. Every chapter, yea, every text, is a sweetly-sounding string, touched by the finger of God, which is the Holy Spirit. Happy the man who loves this music of the heart, and listens in spirit to its mighty tones!

My God! in hours of sorrow cause me to hear the sacred melody of the Word, that I may be cheered and comforted in thee.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT.—"They are passed away as the swift ships." Job ix, 26.

This passage has perplexed critics exceedingly. Calmet's editor thinks the "swift ships" allude to camels—the camel being called, by the Arabians, the ship of the desert.

Facts and Quiries.

OUTLIVING THE POSSIBILITY OF SALVATION.—This question has received various answers; but perhaps a simple illustration may assist us in obtaining a clearer conception of the truth. For instance, a prisoner in a dungeon, into which the light shines clear and strong, commences painting the windows on the inside. A portion of the light is thereby excluded. Continuing the process the light is finally all excluded, and he is left in darkness as profound as though the sun were removed from the heavens, while it may be shining on the outside the same as before—its rays still endeavoring to penetrate and illumine the dungeon. So with the sinner. He steels and hardens his heart against the strivings of God's Spirit till it becomes so hard and dark that his salvation becomes a moral impossibility, although the Spirit of God may be striving with him. In such a case may not a man for days and even years outlive the possibility of salvation? I see no Scriptural reason against such an opinion. J. B. A.

FOOLSCAP.—Why is the larger-sized writing paper, commonly known as "foolscap," so called?

J. D. M.

[We find in the English Notes and Queries the answer to our correspondent's question, which we here insert. When Charles I found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies; and among them was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties who grew rich and enriched the Government also at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all the English paper bore, in water marks, the royal arms. The Parliament, under Cromwell, made jest of this law in every conceivable manner; and, under other indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's cap and bells" be substituted. These in their turn were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued, but paper of the size of the Parliament journal still bears the name of "foolscap."]

THE MATHEMATICAL PARADOX, OR 1=2.—In the September number of the Repository appears the following problem:

Let $a=x$ by supposition.

$ax=x^2$ by multiplying by x .

$ax-a^2=x^2-a^2$ by subtracting a^2 .

$a=x+a$ by dividing by $x-a$.

$a=a+a$ by construction.

$a=2a$ by addition;

or, $1=2$ by dividing by a .

This result depends upon the principle that any number of times zero equals any other number of times zero. Because $a=x$, $x-a=0$; and the equation $ax-a^2=x^2-a^2$ becomes by separating into factors a $(x-a)=(x+a)(x-a)$. Or, $a \times 0=(x+a) \times 0$. Dividing by $x-a$, the zero factor, the result $a=x+a$ is obtained; whence the fallacy.

J. B. A.

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EPITAPHS UPON AN OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE, IN ONE OF OUR RURAL CEMETERIES:

1. Thus ended the strife

That bore him to heaven;

The years of his life

Was seventy-seven.

2. In peace she left all sorrow and woe,

With triumph she entered the heavenly state;

The years of her sojourning here below

Was seventy-eight.

STARS FIVE POINTED OR SIX POINTED, OR OUR FLAG VS. OUR COIN.—The stars on the United States flag are five pointed, while those on our coin are six pointed. The explanation is, that the designer of the flag followed the French heraldic language, and of the coin, the English. In English heraldic language the star has six points; in France, Holland, and Germany it is five pointed.

COMPOSITION AND FINANCES OF THE INFIDEL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.—The infidels lately held a convention in Boston. It was a sorry affair, made up of a few wrong-headed men and strong-minded, weak-faithed women. One of the resolutions proposed and advocated was this: "*Resolved, That infidelity is not always atheism.*" "It is a popular error," said the mover, "to believe that every infidel is an atheist. The fact is, we number as many shades of opinion as any other Church. We are Unitarians, Trinitarians, deists, pantheists, atheists, spiritualists, and divers other *ists* and *isms*—in truth, we are all things but 'plenary inspirationists,'" etc. The financial affairs of the body do not seem to be flourishing. "The Treasurer of the Infidel Association of America" acknowledges "contributions received during the year, *seven dollars and fifty cents*," and "cash received for sales of pamphlets, *six dollars and ninety-five cents*!"

VERMONT THE POETS' STATE.—There are a hundred and twelve "poets" in Vermont, of whom Montpelier has nine. At least twenty of the number received a collegiate education, four have been judges, one chief justice, four college tutors, one college president, one bishop, and three missionaries. Is not Vermont entitled to be called "the poets' own?"

THEOLOGICAL QUERIES.—Will some theological instructor please to enlighten a sincere and anxious inquirer after truth, on the following essential points:

1. Do the Scriptures teach that Jesus Christ is God?

2. Is it possible for God, an infinite being, to suffer as the Scriptures declare Christ did?

3. If both the foregoing queries can be positively answered in the affirmative, then what are we to conclude in relation to the character of God? How is it possible for a being, infinitely wise, holy, and perfect, to suffer?

4. And if the Scriptures teach that Christ is God—and it is true that God can not suffer; or that Christ is not God—then was there an infinite sacrifice offered to atone for the transgression of an infinite law?

MARY A. STROUP.

Bibliography for Children.

ANNIE'S AND SUSIE'S VISIT TO 'LISHA'S.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was about the middle of March, and there had been fine, sunny weather for some days, so that the snow was all gone, except some little dirty strips along by the fences.

"This is capital weather for sugar-making," said Mr. Parker at the breakfast-table one morning. "If it does not storm to-morrow I think I shall go out to the Locust Farm and see what 'Lisha is doing."

Locust Farm was about two miles from where Mr. Parker lived, and it was called so because there were a great many locust-trees about the house and by the road-side.

Mr. Parker owned this farm, but he could not very well take care of it himself, so he hired a man to live there and take care of it. This man's name was Elisha Brown, but every body who knew him called him 'Lisha. He was very kind to the children, and they liked a visit to 'Lisha's almost as well as going to grandma's.

Susie was not at the table. She had finished her breakfast and sat for some time waiting very patiently for the rest to get through talking. But Susie could hear the hens cackling out in the yard, as if they knew Spring had come, and she got very uneasy; she wanted so much to run out to the barn and see if Browney had really laid another egg. So she nestled about in her seat, and finally, when she saw a blue-bird light upon the bare limb of the cherry-tree, she could wait no longer, so she slipped down from her chair and ran out of doors.

But Annie was at the table, and when she heard her father say he was going to 'Lisha's, she only waited to ask him if Susie and she might go with him; and when he said, "Yes," she ran out faster than Susie had done.

"Susie! Susie Parker! where are you?" she shouted like a little crazy girl.

After she had called two or three times Susie answered, very faintly, from the barn. Away went Annie to the barn, rushing through the flock of hens in a way that seemed to astonish them very much, for they scattered in every direction, screaming and cackling as if a hawk had suddenly pounced among them. She stopped at the door of the barn and looked around for Susie. In one corner was a great pile of straw, that had been thrown up by the thrashers, and a ladder was laid up against one side of it. Susie was amusing herself by climbing up this ladder, and then sliding down on the slippery straw. She was just starting for a slide as Annie came to the door, and she did not speak till she came plump down upon the straw at the bottom of the pile. Then she jumped up and said,

"Is n't this nice fun; what did you want, Annie?"

"I wanted to tell you that father is going out to 'Lisha's, and going to take us with him."

"O goody, goody!" said Susie, and before Annie could say another word she was almost out of the barn-yard.

"Stop, Susie!" called Annie as loud as she could scream, "not to-day; it is n't to-day."

"What?" said Susie, stopping just before she got to the barn, and walking very slowly back. Then Annie told her what her father had said.

"O, I'm so sorry," said Susie, "such a long time to wait."

"Well, we shall have longer to be glad about going," said Annie. "Let's get up on this pile of straw and talk about it."

"Well," said Susie, and they climbed up on to the straw to talk the matter over.

"S'pose it should rain," said Susie.

"O, but it won't rain," said Annie, and sure enough it

did n't, for the next morning the sun rose in a clear and beautiful sky.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Parker started for Locust Farm, taking aunt Lucy and the two little girls with him. When they got to the house old Mrs. Brown came out to the gate to meet them. She was 'Lisha's mother, and kept house for him. She was very glad to see aunt Lucy, and she took hold of both her hands and shook them very hard, and said,

"Bless you, Miss Lucy, it does my old eyes good to see you again, and the little dears too. Goin' to stay all day? Well, now, that 's good of you; a body gets so lonesome out here without a neighbor to speak to."

"Where is your son, Mrs. Brown?" asked Mr. Parker, as he was hitching the horse.

"I reckon he 's gone over to the wood-lot beyond Squire Pearl's," said Mrs. Brown. "He was calculating to sugar off this afternoon, and so he thought he would harness up and go out there this mornin'."

Mr. Parker said he would drive out to the wood-lot and find 'Lisha, so aunt Lucy and the little girls followed Mrs. Brown into the house. She took them into the great kitchen. This was a large square room, with a broad fireplace at one end, with a great stone hearth before it. The floor was painted yellow, and both the floor and the hearth were as clean as they could be. In one corner was a curious clock, that reached from the floor to the ceiling. The lower part of it was a cupboard, where Mrs. Brown kept some queer little cups and saucers of old-fashioned china, and over the top were some peacock's feathers and branches of asparagus that had been there all Winter. Aunt Lucy took off her bonnet and shawl and sat down in the big rocking-chair, but Annie and Susie preferred a run out of doors. They went to the shop chamber for nuts, and cracked them by the sunny side of the wood-house; they raced all over the barn, and found to their great delight two little red and white calves tied in one of the stalls, while up on the mow, in the very snugest corner in the world, was old puss with five little blind kittens. Susie was sure no one had ever seen them before, and she and Annie picked them carefully up in their aprons and ran into the house to show them to aunt Lucy. Just as they came in Mrs. Brown was showing her a box of beautiful white honey, and telling her about her bees. "Are you making much sugar this year?" asked aunt Lucy.

"Well, not so much as we did last year," said Mrs. Brown; "the weather has n't been right good till this week, but the sap runs pretty well now. 'Lisha's going to sugar off this afternoon, and that 'll be fine fun for the girls."

"I'm afraid their father will be obliged to go back very soon after noon," said aunt Lucy, smiling as she looked at the family of little spotted kittens the girls had brought her.

The thought of not seeing the sugar made was almost too much for the children, and they carried the kittens back to the barn very soberly, and then went down to the gate to watch for their father.

"Let's go down by the brook," said Annie, "where Robert built the dam, and then it won't seem so long to wait."

The brook was not a great way from the house, but there was a high hill between them, so that when you got to the brook the house was quite hidden. The water was very high in it now, and went rushing over the stones and making little whirlpools of white foam. The dam too was washed away, and they could only see some mud and stones where it used to be. The children amused themselves for some time by throwing sticks into the water above the little fall and watching them as they went sailing faster and faster, till they went plunging over the fall. They forgot all about

their father's coming till, by and by, they heard a loud "toot, toot, to-o-t" from the house.

"O, it's the dinner-horn," said Susie; "do n't Mrs. Brown look funny when she blows it, with her cheeks puffed out so?"

They hurried back to the house and found their father and 'Lisha had come home from the wood-lot, and they were just going to sit down to dinner.

"Shall I ask him now if he'll stay?" said Susie to Annie, as they were taking their seats.

"Let's wait a minute," said Annie, "and see if aunt Lucy won't ask him; I'm so afraid he'll say no."

They tried to wait very patiently, and sure enough aunt Lucy asked him.

"Let me see," said Mr. Parker, taking out his watch, "it is just two o'clock now, and I must be home by five to attend to some business. How early shall you be ready to sugar off?"

"Well," said 'Lisha, "I reckon about six, if the sap works well."

The children looked very much disappointed, and Susie dropped a bit of chicken on her plate and said, "O dear!" right out loud.

"Never fear, Susie," said 'Lisha, "you shall have all the sugar you want any way, and I'll go out after dinner and see if I can't hurry things up a little."

So as soon as dinner was over he went out to the sugar-camp with Mr. Parker. They were gone an hour, and a long one too it seemed to Susie, but when they came back and said there would be no sugar made till dark, that was worse than over, and Susie could not help crying, though she opened her eyes as wide as she could, so as not to squeeze the tears out. When 'Lisha saw it he said, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Parker, you just leave them out here, and when we get through with the sugar I'll harness up and bring them home. I was going to town to-morrow, any way."

Mr. Parker thought about it a little, and then said he was willing to leave the children if aunt Lucy would stay with them. Aunt Lucy promised to stay, and then Susie was too glad to keep still, so she ran about saying,

"O 'Lisha! you are so good, and father, and aunt Lucy, and every body."

Annie was as glad as Susie, but she did not say so much, for she was ten years old, and would have been ashamed to cry about the sugar. After their father was gone aunt Lucy went to the brook with them, and told them curious stories about the beavers, and then they went back to the house and cracked more nuts, and played hide-and-seek in the barn, and looked at pictures till it was almost dark, and 'Lisha came to call them to the sugar-camp. He had a basket with a few nice apples and some ears of red pop-corn in it.

"What is the corn for, 'Lisha?" said Annie.

"O, you'll find out," said 'Lisha; "it's good for a great many things."

It was quite dark in the woods, for the trees shut out the light, but presently they came to the sugar-camp. There was a great fire burning, and two large kettles hung on an iron bar over it. In these kettles the sap was boiling, while a big boy tended the fire and stirred the sap. Mrs. Brown drew out the stick that the sap was stirred with, and touched her finger to the end of it to see if the sap was boiled enough.

"It will take half an hour longer," said she. So 'Lisha rolled some logs near the fire and his mother and aunt Lucy sat down upon them. Then he took some of the red corn and put it in an iron ladle with a long handle to it, and held it over the coals, shaking it all the time, till it began to dance about in the ladle, and then popped out into great white puffs.

"O how nice!" said Susie as 'Lisha put some into her apron; "look, Annie, here is a kernel that looks just like those white roses under grandma's window."

They ate corn and apples, and frolicked around the fire, while Mrs. Brown and aunt Lucy sat watching them, and smiling at their merry talk, till, by and by, the sap began to grow thick, and then it was ready to make the sugar.

They dipped it into tubs and stirred it all the time till it was partly cool, and then put it into all sorts of curious things to finish cooling, so that when it was cold some of the cakes would be like little hearts, some round, and some square. Annie and Susie had some of the warm sap in cups, and they stirred it till it was all thick like sugar, and when they had eaten as much as they wanted, they made two little cakes in some scalloped pans that 'Lisha said they might have for their own.

Then 'Lisha put the sugar all into a sort of hut made out of boards and locked the door, so that it would be safe till it was cold enough to take out of the molds. Then he lighted his lantern at the fire, and they all went home through the woods.

"What shall you do with your sugar?" Annie asked Susie as they walked along.

"O, I do n't know," said Annie; "send it to cousin Mary, I guess."

"Well," said Susie, "I did think I'd send mine to Nell, but you know uncle William buys them such lots of candies and things; and there's those little Carter girls, I do n't believe they ever had any thing good in their lives. I mean to give mine to them."

"Then I will too," said Annie; "any way we've had the fun, and that's a great deal better than sugar."

By this time they got to the house, and when the horses were ready they said good-night to Mrs. Brown, and 'Lisha stowed them away in his big wagon, and they were soon out of sight of Locust Farm.

"I WISH I WERE RICH."—"I wish I were rich; I would buy every thing," cried Charlie.

"The sun, moon, and stars?" inquired William.

"No; every thing that can be had for money."

"Get your hat, Charlie, and come with me to Mr. Morrison's," said his father.

"O, please not, papa; he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning."

"I think you would like to live with him," said his father.

"I, papa? I would rather live down in a coal-pit."

"With him you would have all that can be bought with money."

"I take it back; I see it won't do," said Charlie. "Health can not be bought with money."

"Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life," said William.

"Above all," added their papa, "the favor of God can not be bought with money."

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of a difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds or precious stones as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

A BEAUTIFUL PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
Thy name be hallowed every-where;
Thy kingdom come; thy perfect will
On earth, as heaven, let all fulfill:
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us with thy hand;
Now and forever unto thee
The kingdom, power, and glory be. Amen.

Mystic Learnings.

WILL THE BLISS OF HEAVEN EVER FALL?—This question is not unfrequently the source of perplexing thought to the believer. It is beautifully answered in a monkish legend given by Lord Lindsay in his work on Christian Art:

The monk had been reading the celebrated treatise of St. Austin, *De Civitate Dei*, when the benumbing thought, "Must not the bliss of eternity pall at last, and shall we not weary of heaven?" settled down upon his soul. Soon after, having been beguiled into a wood by the song of a bird, he passed, as it seemed, an hour there listening to it. But when he returned to the monastery he was surprised to find a whole generation had passed away during his absence. Pausing a moment to reflect, he exclaimed, "Now I know, for God has taught it to me by this experience, that an eternity will not suffice to exhaust the bliss of paradise."

LORD CHEDWORTH AND THE SPIRIT OF HIS FRIEND.—The following circumstance was given on good authority in the *Metropolitan—English—Magazine* in 1836. Similar instances are on record:

Lord Chedworth—father of the late lord—had living with him the orphan daughter of a sister of his, a Miss Wright, from whom Mrs. Crawford heard this circumstance: Lord Chedworth had some lamentable doubts as to the existence of the soul in another world. He had a great friendship for a gentleman who was as skeptical as himself. One morning Miss Wright observed, on her uncle's joining her at the breakfast table, that he was very thoughtful, ate little, and was unusually silent. At last he said, "Molly"—for thus he familiarly called her—"I had a strange visitor last night. My old friend B. came to me."

"How?" said Miss Wright. "Did he come after I went to bed?"

"His spirit did," said Lord Chedworth, solemnly.

"O, my dear uncle! how could the spirit of a living man appear?" said she, smiling.

"He is dead beyond doubt," replied his lordship. "Listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him. But he [the spirit] answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night at eight o'clock. I came to tell you there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'"

"Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream."

But while Miss Wright was yet speaking a groom on horseback rode up the avenue and immediately afterward delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. The effect that it had upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent; all his doubts were at once removed, and forever.

KEEP THE BRAIN FALLOW IN CHILDHOOD.—Mr. Arthur Helps makes the following suggestive remarks upon what may be termed the forcing system of early education:

When we are considering the health of children it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity, is incalculable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not by any means all gain, even in the way of work. I

suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained by a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after-life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement!

PRESERVATION OF MEMORY IN OLD AGE.—The decay of memory is always an accompaniment of old age. Dugald Stuart thought it proceeded as much from the little interest old men take in what is transpiring around them as in any weakening of the mind by the decay of the bodily powers. Sidney Smith says:

In so far as this decay of memory, which old age brings along with it, is a necessary consequence of a physical change in the constitution, or a necessary consequence of a diminution of sensibility, it is the part of a wise man to submit cheerfully to the lot of his nature. But it is not unreasonable to think that something may be done by our own efforts to obviate the inconveniences which commonly result from it.

CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF MEMORY.—Sir Benjamin Brodie, whose treatise on Mind and Matter is one of the most profound and acute written upon the subject, says:

It is worthy of notice that, while in old age the recent impressions on the memory are evanescent, it is quite otherwise as to those which were made formerly, and hence it is that the old man, whose mind wanders when he speaks of what has happened to-day or yesterday, may be quite clear and coherent when he goes back to the scenes of his early life, and that it is on these especially that he loves to dwell during the day, while they form almost the entire subject of his dreams at night. At the same time my own observations lead me to believe that the failure of the mind in old age is often more apparent than real. The old man is not stimulated by ambition, as when he felt that he might have many years of life before him. He has, probably, withdrawn from his former pursuits, and has substituted no others for them; and we know that the mind as well as the body requires constant exercise to maintain it in a healthy state. Where it is still occupied we frequently find it to survive the decay of the body, retaining its energy and vigor even to the last.

THE BRAIN AND THE DECLINE OF MEMORY.—Mr. Smee, in his *Instinct and Reason*, seems more inclined to refer this decline of memory to physical causes. His observations are certainly worthy of note:

In old age the brain loses its power to receive new images, to restore bygone impressions, to connect different images, or to apply general laws to specific instances. That which ennobles the man has passed away; the brain has lost its power. Childhood again ensues, not to acquire new ideas, but to forget those before implanted.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

A DICTIONARY OF NAMES, ETC.—Mr. William^d A. Wheeler has for some years been engaged upon "An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons and Places; including also celebrated Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed upon Eminent Men, and such Analogous Popular Appellations as are often alluded to in Literature and Conversation." This work will not only be entirely unique—there being nothing of the same or a similar kind in any language—but it will supply a want that has been long felt by all classes of readers.

THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."—Mr. Lawrence, a successful novelist of the "muscular" school, was tempted by the offer of a thousand pounds from his London Publishers to visit the "so-called Southern Confederacy" and write a book about it. He started with the intention of offering his sword to the South as a volunteer under "Stonewall" Jackson. After enjoying himself in New York, feasting in Baltimore, and idling in Washington, he took horse to join Jackson, fell in with a Federal picket, by whom he was challenged, wounded, and captured. He was treated with great kindness, and was cared for by a skillful surgeon—whom he insulted—till his wound was cured, and finally, after having been seven weeks a prisoner, was allowed to go home. Though he never reached the South, Mr. Lawrence has spun out a volume on America—chiefly on what he did not see. The English critics generally denounce the work as brilliant book-making.

MENDELSSOHN, THE COMPOSER.—Two years ago the correspondence of Mendelssohn, chiefly from Switzerland and Italy, was published and an English translation made by Lady Wallace, which was lately reprinted by Mr. F. Leyboldt, of Philadelphia. Herman Mendelssohn has now brought out at Leipsic a further and, we believe, concluding portion of the great musician's letters to his family from 1833 to 1847. "The Reader" says: "Years and cares have naturally imparted a more subdued tone to the present collection, delightful, nevertheless, and replete with utterances of pure, exhilarating happiness, but chiefly valuable as it displays Mendelssohn in the light of a man of culture, the accomplished artist, the critic at once endowed with a delicate intelligence and a masculine grasp of mind." It concludes its criticism thus: "It is, in a word, a collection which can not be more fitly characterized than by terming it *mutatis mutandis*, precisely what we should expect to find the correspondence of Raphael d'Urbino, were this to come to light."

SONS OF MRS. HEMANS.—One of the sons of the distinguished English poetess—Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans—has long resided in Italy, where he embraced the Catholic faith. In Florence, Celline & Co. have published two portions of a work by him entitled "Catholic Italy." The first part gave the author's views upon the Italian question, and the second, which

has very recently appeared, contains an exhaustive and able account of the monuments of Italy and Sicily. Mr. Hemans writes very encouragingly on the present state of Italian literature. He affirms that, though many writers assail the Papacy as a temporal power, the religious feeling of Italians is not diminished. Another son of Mrs. Hemans obtained high reputation and fortune as a civil engineer in Ireland, particularly on the construction of railroads there.

LAMARTINE'S NEW WORK.—The new portion of "Mes Confidences," a very thin, fragmentary autobiography, is chiefly occupied with a story called "Fior d'Aliza." This is the history of a Luccan girl and her love, sorely tried but finally happy. It is a sort of prose idyl, very much spun out, as if the writer—which is the fact—were trying to fill a certain number of pages. Lamartine's grain of gold has been hammered down to extreme tenuity, which seems constantly becoming more flimsy.

JOHN LOCKE'S TOMB.—The London Critic announces that the Church of High Laver, near Ongar, Essex, where John Locke lies buried, is now in process of restoration, and the rector appeals for subscriptions to repair the philosopher's tomb.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN PRUSSIA.—In the months of June and July as many as eighty official "warnings" were given to Prussian newspapers; of these sixty were given once, twelve twice, and one four times. The Elberfeld Gazette was the only journal that did not receive a warning for publishing the protest of the six journals of Berlin. Yet liberty of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution of Prussia.

HOME OF "THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."—Many years ago the Rev. Leigh Richmond, an English clergyman, wrote an interesting little book, called as above, on the life and death of a pious young woman in humble life. Her cottage at Arreton, on the Isle of Wight, was lately advertised to be sold.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—Since closing our November number the following Delegates have been elected to the next General Conference. This, we believe, completes all the Conferences, except those that elect in the Spring: *California Conference.*—Jesse T. Peck, H. C. Benson, Isaac Owen.

Wisconsin.—H. Bannister, S. E. Thomas, C. D. Pillsbury, M. Himebaugh. Reserves: J. H. Jenne, W. G. Miller.

Oregon.—James H. Wilbur, Thomas H. Pearne. Reserves: C. S. Kingsley, John Flynn.

Minnesota.—B. F. Crary, D. Cobb, Jabez Brooks, Henry Roth. Reserves: James F. Chaffee, Cyrus Brooks.

Genesee.—A. B. Wilbur, Thomas Carlton, J. B. Wentworth, J. M. Fuller. Reserves: E. E. Chambers, S. Seager.

Library Notes.

(1.) **THE CHURCH SINGER: a Collection of Sacred Music.** By Karl Beden and S. J. Goodenough. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Some of the advantages of this new singing-book are, that the hymns selected are principally from our own Hymn-Book, the number of tunes is proportioned to the number of hymns in the different meters, the harmonies of the old tunes have been given without alteration, and the collection embraces the standard tunes in general use among all Evangelical Christians. In mechanical execution it would be difficult to surpass this work. It is a model of typography and binding.

(2.) **SEED-THOUGHT: a Hand-Book of Doctrine and Sentiment, Designed for Class-Leaders, Bible Classes, and Sabbath School Teachers, for Young Preachers, and for Private Devotion.** By George C. Robinson. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. 172 pp.—The gifted author passed away in the early prime of a noble manhood, just as this little unpretending volume came from the press. It is, then, his dying bequest to the Church of God. A more fitting bequest—one better adapted to quicken the springs of spiritual life at the very heart of the Church—could hardly have been made. The following description of the work is given by a cotemporary. It is simply a compilation, embracing Scripture precepts, Scripture examples, hymns, and tunes, and is designed mainly to be a help in class-leading, though it may render not less important aids to the young minister. The plan of the work is excellent. It names a subject; as "Adoption." Under this are arranged the Scripture texts which discuss adoption. Then the Scripture examples of adoption; as Jacob's adoption of the two sons of Joseph, the adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, and the adoption of Esther by Mordecai. This is followed by the first lines of hymns suitable to be sung, and also by a few brief and proverbial utterances on adoption, extracted from the best writers. We can imagine nothing as furnishing better helps to class-leaders. None should be without it. It will help to revolutionize and improve class-leading. And if class-leaders will give themselves to the work of preparing for their labors, and seek to employ all the helps lying within their reach, we are not without hope that the institution can be preserved in the Church, unchanged, for ages yet to come.

(3.) **NOTES ON THE EPISTLES OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE GALATIANS AND EPHESIANS.** By Joseph Longking, late Sunday School Superintendent. 18mo. 288 pp. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Among our very early recollections is that stirring, unflagging, never-growing-old Sunday school worker, Joseph Longking, the author of these Notes. We are glad to greet him again in this old field, cultivated so successfully by him years ago. His Notes on the Gospels have been long and favorably known. If we are not mistaken the sales of them have gone beyond a million. We trust this will have equal success.

(4.) **QUESTIONS ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE GALATIANS AND EPHESIANS.** By Joseph Longking. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 18mo. 92 pp.—This is a companion volume of Mr. Longking's Notes on Galatians and Ephesians. We commend it to the Sabbath school teachers heartily.

THE following are the titles of eight new Sunday school books just published by Carlton & Porter:

(5.) **ERNEST RICHMOND AND HIS LITTLE MOTHER.** By Mary Grace Halpine. Five Illustrations. 296 pp.

(6.) **WALTER AND NELLIE; or, The Shadow of the Rock.** Five Illustrations. 293 pp.

(7.) **THE LITTLE BROWN JUG; or, The Power of Prayer.** By Mrs. C. M. Edwards. Four Illustrations.

(8.) **WALTER AND THE PRIZE, AND OTHER STORIES.** Two Illustrations. 153 pp.

(9.) **RUMFORD ROSEY; or, What it Cost to Disobey a Mother.** By Rena Ray. Three Illustrations. 134 pp.

(10.) **THE CHILDREN AT OLD PARK AND THEIR NEIGHBORS.** Four Illustrations. 150 pp.

(11.) **FANNY FLOYD; or, One Day at School.** By Rena Ray. Three Illustrations. 134 pp.

(12.) **HARRY THE WHALER; or, What a Young Sailor Saw and Did in the North Sea. A Sequel to Harry the Sailor Boy.** Three Illustrations. 134 pp.

(13.) **THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION HYMN-BOOK FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY** has for its introduction the Lord's Prayer, with a brief, pertinent, specific prayer to be offered by the soldier. It comprises 94 hymns. A better selection it would be difficult to make. It can be carried easily in the vest pocket. FIVE CENTS will send a copy to the soldier. Friends, remember that, and let your contributions flow into the Treasury of the Christian Commission.

(14.) **DOES THE BIBLE SANCTION AMERICAN SLAVERY?** By Goldwin Smith. 16mo. 107 pp. Paper covers. Cambridge: Sever & Francis.—Prof. Smith is not only an able English writer, but one of the honest and earnest defenders of our country in England. The Bible question of slavery is here discussed with earnestness and conclusiveness.

(15.) **THE SHADOW OF ASHLUDYAT.** By Mrs. Henry Wood. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Co.

(16.) **PAMPHLETS.**—1. *The Resurrection Body.* A sermon by Rev. T. A. Goodwin, A. M.—2. *The Union—the Constitution—Peace.* A sermon by Rev. John Walker Jackson.—3. *Birds and Flowers—Lessons from Nature.* A vacation sermon, by Rev. W. H. Jeffreys.—4. *Report of Merchant's Committee for the Relief of the Colored People.* From this we learn that \$41,086.08, besides 117 packages of goods, have been raised for the relief of the colored sufferers in the New York city riots. The beneficiaries numbered over 600. The pamphlet details some most cruel and heartless instances of the brutality of the mob.

Editor's Table.

OUR ENGRAVINGS will, we think, prove of unusual interest to our readers. The name of Walter Scott is, by his own genius, carved into the very texture of English literature. The succinct, yet comprehensive sketch by Prof. Williams, brings the main features of his career within a brief compass. As the artist has titled our landscape, "The Ford in Maine," we suppose it may be taken as a representative ford. Albeit, however pleasant it may be in "hay-making time" to make its transit on foot driving a yoke of steers, our readers will agree with us in preferring the shadow to the reality in this cold December month.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We have on hand a large number of articles which we shall be obliged to lay aside; but our columns are now too crowded for the list.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The demands upon our pages are much beyond the space afforded by them. Be patient, friends. It is possible your articles may never appear. If you propose to write again, take a few suggestions: Be sure you have something to say worth being said; say it; then stop.

REV. DR. COBLEIGH, elected to succeed Dr. Haven in the editorship of *Zion's Herald*, has entered auspiciously upon the duties of his office. We wish for him a long and successful career.

THE REV. DR. FLOY, justly prominent as an anti-slavery leader, as well as an able minister and a strong writer, is lamented, in his sudden death, by a large circle of friends. He had filled successfully many important posts in the Church. He was yet in the midst of his useful career when called away. We hope to make further and more fitting mention of him.

M. E. CHURCH IN CANADA.—By an oversight the statistics of the Bay Quinte Conference only of this Church were given in our September number; and those of Niagara and Ontario Conferences left out. The figures should have been: Traveling preachers, 195; members, 20,386; chapels, 242; parsonages, 77; total value of church property, \$325,710.

POEM OF FRANK SOULÉ.—This poem, with which this number opens, will prove interesting to a wide circle outside of the college class, for whose reunion, after a lapse of twenty-five years, it was originally composed. Hundreds of the old students of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and of the Wesleyan University will remember the warm-hearted, genial companion of early and happy days.

HARDWAR, INDIA.—NOTE FROM REV. I. L. HAUSER.—Accompanying a photograph, which we regret could not be worked up into a picture for the Magazine, was the following note from Rev. I. L. Hauser, one of our missionaries in India. It will be of general interest to our readers:

Hardwar is situated on the western bank of the Ganges, at the southern base of the Senalik range of the Himalayá. It

is a place of great antiquity, inhabited chiefly by Brahmins, and the resort of pilgrims from all parts of India, and at the time of the annual melás, the market-place for the surrounding countries. The name formerly was Hariká Pairá, the "Stairs of Vishnú;" but now Haridnár, the "Gate of God." It is 1,024 feet above the sea, and 924 miles from Calcutta, by the way of Lucknow.

During the rains the river at this place is a mile wide; but in the dry season there are three channels. The picture is taken from an island on the eastern side of the channel, but flows by Haridnár. At the right hand the mountains formerly broke off abruptly at the water's edge; but a highway was cut through at this place which leads up to Mussorie, and other hill stations; the sanitariums of India, also, to the broad and increasing tea plantations of the Debrá Doon. On the opposite side of the river from this point the mountain commences almost as abruptly, and stretches on toward the south-east, the boundary of our mission fields, till you send us men and means to take up Tibet, and thus meet the brethren coming from China. O, war! war! if only a tithe that is spent to satisfy thy bloody thirst were given to spread the Gospel, how soon would every nation behold the standard of the Cross! On each of the opposite peaks of these mountains is a small temple containing images watched by dirty Brahmins, who receive the gifts of the pilgrims who climb up to these places.

Of the temples—as nearly all the buildings here are temples—the lower parts are built of a superior gray sandstone, and the upper parts of brick. Their foundations stand in the bed of the river. Just opposite you see the great bathing ghát; but as the picture was taken very early in the morning, few people are there. This ghát, of sixty steps deep and one hundred feet wide, of hewn sandstone, was built by the East India Company. Formerly hundreds while bathing were pressed out into the waters by the crowd and carried away with the current; and even now, at the large melás, numbers are lost. To prevent this ropes are stretched across the stream below, and a number of expert swimmers, in skins inflated with air, watch in the stream beyond the bathers. Here all classes, the aged and weak, supported or carried by the strong, the infant in its mother's arms, the rich and poor, male and female, promiscuously perform their ablutions for the remission of sin.

Just beyond the row of temples, and parallel with the river, is a street, while another extends westward toward the mountain, both meeting at this ghát; so that the crowd comes up the former and goes down the latter. Policemen are stationed along the former street, who cut the coming crowd into squads of about two hundred each, and while one company bathes the others are kept back. Consequently there is a great rush to be among the first, and many are often killed. In 1819 430 persons were squeezed to death, among them several policemen.

Often sanguinary conflicts have taken place between the rival sects, led and excited by their religious teachers. In 1760, on the great day of the melá, the Gosains and Bairagis met in battle. The latter were defeated, of whom about 18,000 were slain. After that there were other conflicts; but of late years the British have taken great precaution in providing policemen, and disturbances have mostly been avoided.

Timúr Bey—Tamerlane—in 1398, after sacking the city of Delhi, marched here with his army, and having massacred a number of Hindoos, carried off rich booty.

Formerly it appears that the great day of the melá was on the 10th of April, but now it is on the 11th. The bathing commences when the sun is in Miná or Pisces, and concludes when he enters Meshá or Aries, according to the solar computation of the Hindoos. Every twelfth year is the Kūmh-melá, when Jupiter is in Aquarius. At these great duode-

cennial gatherings the people are estimated by millions. The next one will occur in 1868.

I have not found any one who could tell me why this period was chosen, though all believe that greater advantage is derived from bathing then than at any other time. Jupiter Pluvius and his refreshing showers may be connected with it. Jupiter Brihaspati is held by these people to be the spiritual guide of the gods, for whom he explains the beds and performs religious ceremonies. It is considered very propitious to be born under this planet, as the person will possess an amiable disposition, and be rich in palaces, lands, and fruit.

All the people bathe; for in our estimation they would be worse heathen if they neglected it. A fifty miles' ride from off the dusty, scorching plains was well repaid to us by a week's enjoyment of the refreshing air and the luxurious bathing in these waters just fresh from the icy mountains above. But why write about the luxury of coolness to you who live all the year round in a freezing climate? Give you an average temperature of 96° for day and night, in the coolest part of your home, and *you, too, might appreciate something cool.*

One can quite easily see how the Hindoos, destitute of the revelation of the true God, were led to worship this great river, rushing out of the mountains in its purity, meandering over a thousand miles toward the ocean through what would otherwise be almost a desert, everywhere diffusing life, health, and happiness—a God's favor upon them. And we can also easily see why, ignorant of a real Savior, yet conscious of the guilt of sin and the necessity of pardon and redemption, they should choose that medium which to them had the most efficient cleansing properties. The Hindoos, in some respects, have done remarkably well. Where to-day would the Anglo-Saxon race have been without the Bible? And with all our light and life from Christianity, these people may yet rise up in judgment against us. Till we have taught them better we can only pity, not condemn them.

AUTHOR OF WAR PICTURES FROM THE SOUTH.—A correspondent, now residing in St. Paul, Minnesota, referring to the author of "War Pictures"—"B. Estvân"—says:

Perhaps it will be of interest to you to know that this is the real name of the author. He is a German of good birth, exiled for some political offense, I believe. His wife, a very accomplished lady, was a vocal music teacher in high repute in Richmond for many years, where I knew her intimately. Col. Estvân bore that title at that time. He was highly respected in Richmond; was a teacher of fencing in the gymnasium, and in various schools of the city.

This I give, thinking it may be of interest to your readers, since speculations upon the matter have been raised. He resided a short time in Cincinnati, I believe, some years ago. I do not think that he was identified with the rebels, as the family were German, and mingled in foreign society exclusively.

PATRIOT SONS AND PROUD MOTHERS.—"With it, or upon it" was the patriotic language of the Spartan mother to her soldier boy. Such, too, has been the spirit, if not the language of many an American patriot mother during the progress of the wicked rebellion that is now desolating our country. Here is a note from one of these mothers. There are tens of thousands like her, and not a few of them have been less fortunate. God pity and bless them! A son, a husband, a father for the country! It is a great sacrifice; but it is for a great purpose:

Since I wrote you last I have been to Washington on a visit to my sons. I saw them both—God bless them!—looking more healthy, noble, and manly than when they left me—one twelve, the other eighteen months before. During this long separation both have passed through many fiery battles; but God has preserved them to me, and I can never thank him sufficiently for his mercy.

Since my return my eldest son, who is a lieutenant in the regular service, in Meade's old army corps, (the 5th,) has been badly wounded, though he writes that he will get well and will soon be at home. He has been in the service ever since the first call for volunteers, and is now but nineteen years old. His brother is sixteen; and his captain wrote me that he had seen him "under the most terrific fire, without a blanch on his cheek or a tremor in his voice." What mother would not be proud of such sons?

HEART SACRIFICES OF THE MISSIONARY.—The sacrifice of the missionary has never been fully appreciated: it never can be. But the greatest of all his sacrifices is too often wholly overlooked. Our readers will remember the letter of the missionary to his little orphan daughter, in the Sideboard for November. Now, as a help toward some appreciation of the "heart-sacrifices" made in this missionary work, we excerpt a portion of the note by which that letter was introduced to us:

You, I presume, are cognizant of all the incidents connected with this young missionary's life; so it is not necessary for me to tell you. But tears have blinded my eyes while I have been copying this little letter; for I remember "how he loved Joey's mother;" how they were married and went out to their great life-work in China, with high hopes and bright prospects. (She was only 19.) I remember how she sickened and faded; how he took her to Mt. Koorshan in the vain hope her health might be restored; how unwilling she was to leave her work in China, even when the physician told her she could not live except she came home. I remember how they wrote they were starting; how our hearts beat high with expectation and hope; how they ached and saddened when the vessel arrived, and the message came, "Nellie died at sea, one week ago; we have the corpse on board." I remember how the sad, heart-broken "papa" came home to us *alone*, carrying his "motherless Joey" in his arms. God spare us such a meeting ever again! I remember how we gathered around the corpse of our loved one, and tried to convince ourselves it was our lovely Nellie. O, if prayers, and tears, and love could have raised the dead, she never would have been buried in the Susque' valley, where she sleeps! We remember, with aching hearts, how Joey stretched out her little arms to the "mamma" in the coffin, and begged to go to her! We remember the later time, when "papa" bade his little Joey good-by. What a trial it was! How he took up his burden and went back to China, scarce hoping to meet his darling again on the shores of time!

O, the life of a missionary! how it is filled up with sorrow and trials! how much they have to sacrifice—to endure! But they do it "all for Christ," and they *shall not* lose their reward. Though it was very hard for me to give up my brother to labor in China, I silenced my grief when I thought how much greater was *his* sacrifice—to give up *all*!

RALLY FOR THE REPOSITORY—SPECIMEN NUMBER.—With this number we close the TWENTY-THIRD volume of the Repository. The current year has been one of great success, especially when we take into account the distracted state of public affairs. We are deeply sensible of our personal obligations to the many friends who have stood by us, and especially to those brother ministers, who, through all embarrassments, have carried the Repository straight forward in their charges.

By referring to the circular of the publishers on the third page of the cover, you will see, dear friends, that they are determined to maintain its former excellence of mechanical execution in every respect; and even to improve upon it.

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Vol. XXIII.

December, 1863.

No. 12.

THE
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REPOSITORY
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE & RELIGION.



REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D., EDITOR.

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